Oct. 26, 1929

# THE NEW YORKER

# THE NEW BUICK

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*THERE* is an aristocracy of judgment as well as an aristocracy of wealth ¶ Very often the two are combined ¶ And when they are, you witness what is taking place today in the fine car field—a decided trend toward the new Buick with Body by Fisher among thousands of men and women who formerly paid much higher prices for their motor cars ¶ These men and women are buying more Buicks today than ever before in Buick history, and from two to five times as many Buicks as any other fine car ¶ Because the new Buick is surpassingly beautiful. Because it is the peer of performers. Because it is infinitely greater value.

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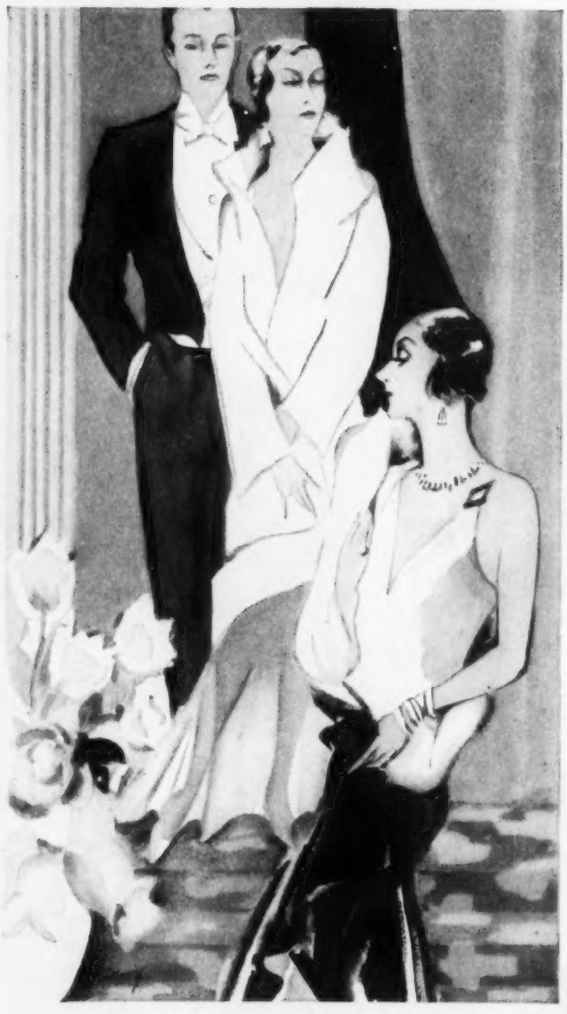

YOU know Onyx and Gotham Gold Stripe Silk Stockings, of course . . . but do you know the *NEW* Onyx and Gotham? . . . Not even artful Paris can offer silk stockings more beautiful, luxurious, and completely delightful than Gotham now presents in the *new* Onyx and Gotham Gold Stripe. They're SMART. They're SHEER —almost intangibly so in their chiffon filminess. And they come in colors that harmonize perfectly with new Fall frocks.

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*The New*

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 36, October 26, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

# We Start a Formal Season

*Right.* Copy of Augusta Bernard wrap of transparent velvet, with lapin. Third Floor . . . . . $109.00

NEVER, in our remembrance, have evening clothes been so entirely new and exciting and important. We suspect women of actually inventing occasions to wear them. With the opening of the opera, the season of formal entertaining, of theatres and parties and clubs, begins, and more and more of these distinguished new frocks and wraps will be needed. Jewels and accessories also, because the ensemble spirit continues on into the evening, and everything is selected with an eye for the complete effect.

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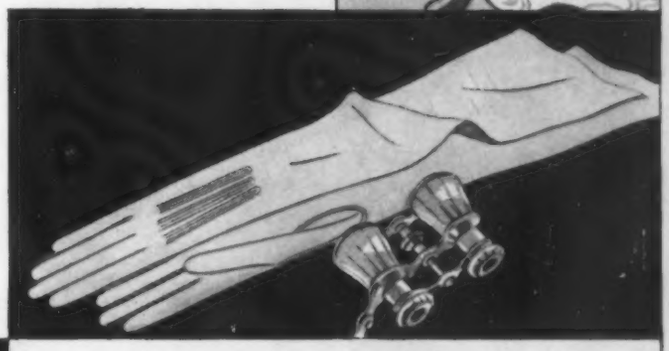

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*Photographed in Gimbels Old World Shop, by Martin Bruehl*

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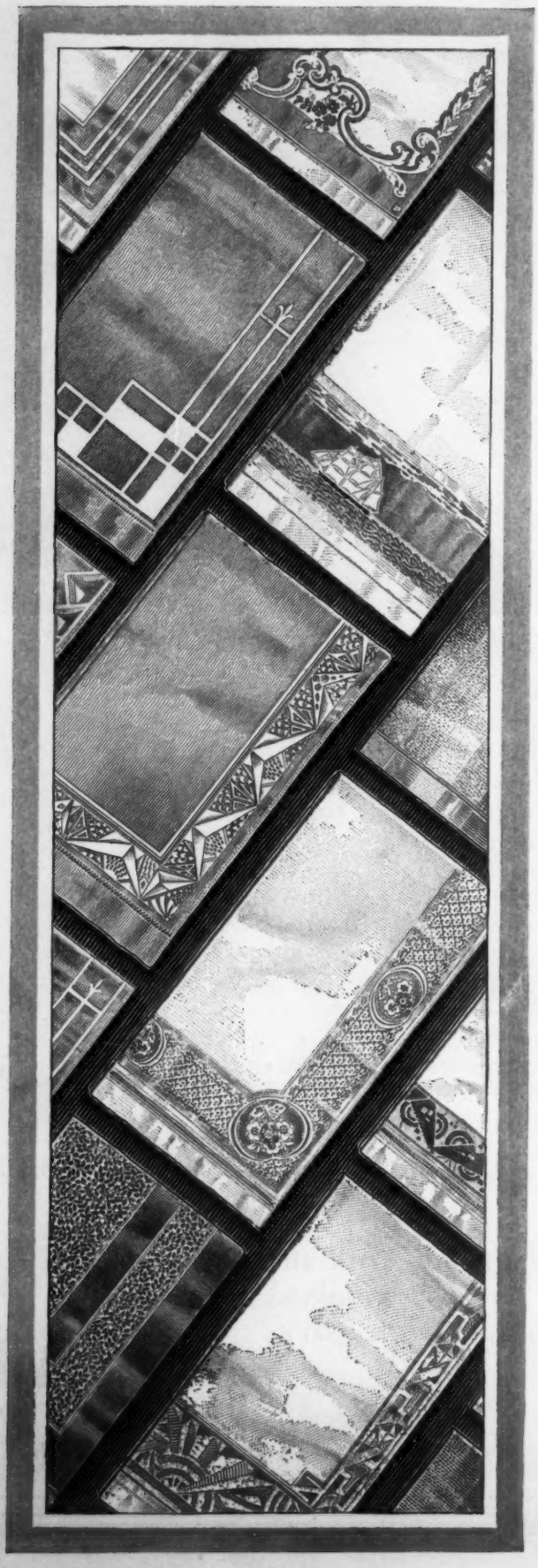

This limited showing of exclusive designs can only suggest the range of recent creations in Irish and Scottish weaves that are at the command of American women.

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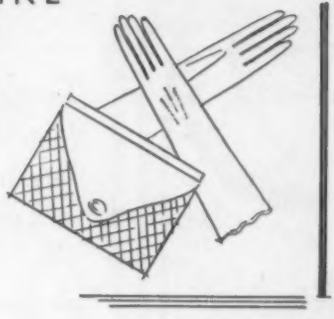

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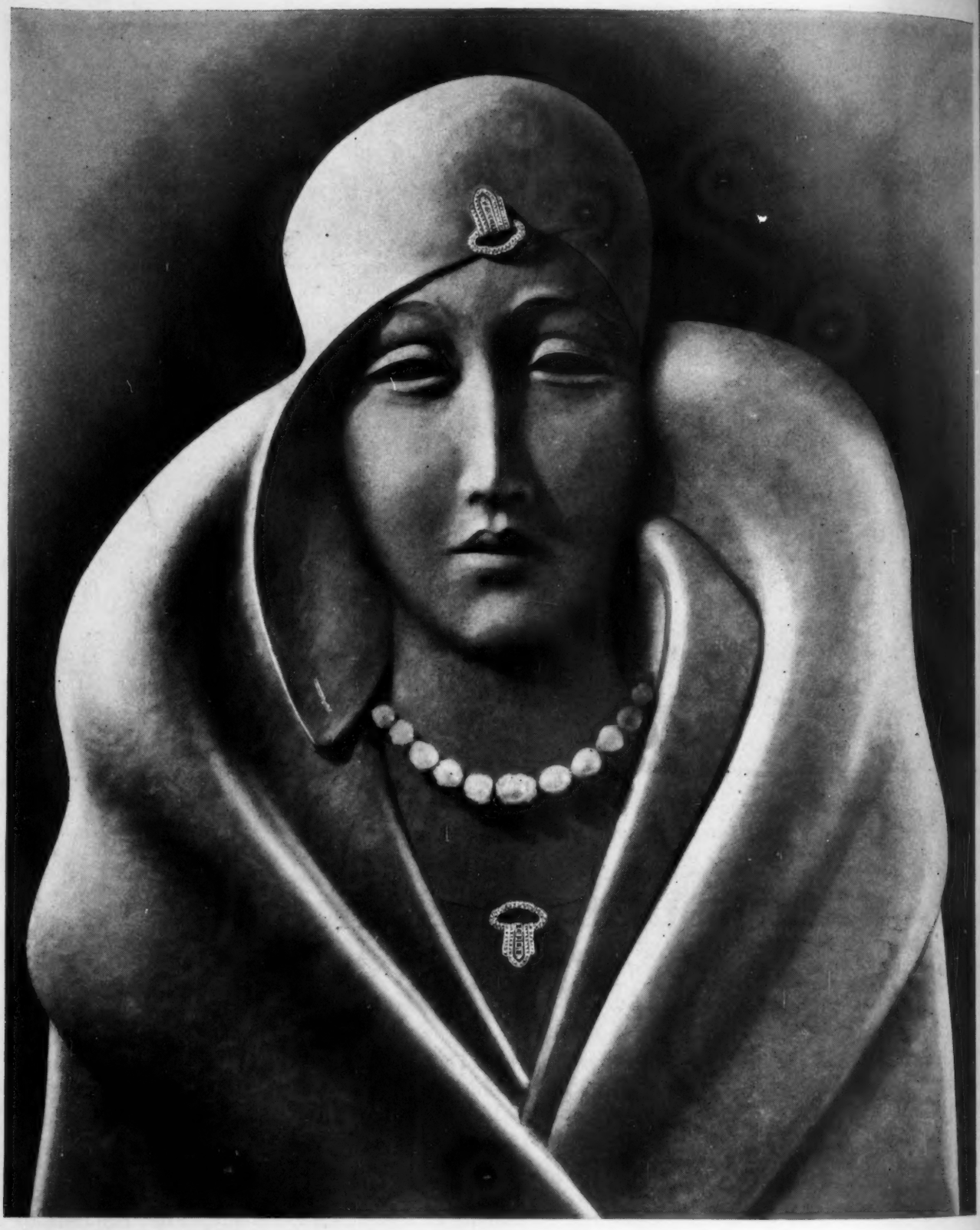

*Ingenuity clasps hands with artistry in these versatile round- and-baguette-diamond clasps that add chic accent to hat, gown, purse or wrap. $3,300 the pair . . . The baroque pearl choker with its brown diamond clasp is $4,800.*

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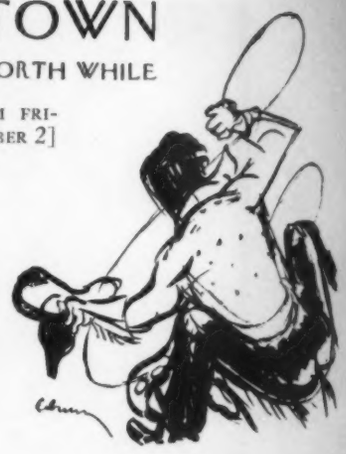
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2]



### THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

#### *PLAYS*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Frank McGlynn in a revival of John Drinkwater's play. (Forrest, 49, W.)

AMONG THE MARRIED—Showing that simply because you live in the suburbs is no reason why you should obey the Seventh Commandment. Frank Morgan and Katherine Wilson are among those speaking Mr. Lawrence's easy-flowing lines. (49th Street, 49, W.)

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers help the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—Gertrude Lawrence as a maid playing lady, immeasurably aided by Reginald Owen in putting over a time-worn idea dressed up in badinage. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

THE CHANNEL ROAD—De Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" made into a good show with German specialties. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Would-Be Gentleman," translated Molière. (Fri. and Mon. Eves., Oct. 25 and 28.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Sat. Mat., Oct. 26; Wed. and Fri. Eves., Oct. 30 and Nov. 1.) . . . "Inheritors," by Susan Glaspell. (Sat. Eve., Oct. 26.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's moving play, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Oct. 29 and 31; Wed. Mat., Oct. 30.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mat., Nov. 2.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," another good Tchekov production. (Sat. Eve., Nov. 2.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—Something to be seen unless you are depressed by the workings of the Law in criminal cases. It wouldn't do you any harm to be depressed by this highly effective drama, and you should see Arthur Byron anyway. (National, 41, W.)

GAMBLING—A good murder mystery which goes, with most other murder mysteries, off into space at the end. George M. Cohan wrote it, acts in it, and saves it. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HARLEM—Return engagement of a gangster melodrama that is set in the most melodramatic spot on earth. Colored cast. (Eltinge, 42, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—How to hide a corpse at a fraternity houseparty. Seeing this may help you out next February. (Wallack's, 42, W.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Farcical comedy rich in character and situation, delightfully played by a Belasco cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—There is a good, honest laugh every two minutes in this epic of a song writer. Ring Lardner and George Kaufman have seen to that, and an excellent cast makes sure of it. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LET US BE GAY—A divorced couple meet at a houseparty three years after. Rachel Crothers' amusing comedy, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—A nice little play about the life of a middle-class couple who had had more romance than they thought. Ernest Truex comes back to us in it. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

REMOTE CONTROL—The use of radio for the furtherance of crime. A murder mystery with several new twists. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

ROPE'S END—A murder play with a touch of Leopold and Loeb. You will get a lot of laughs from the comedy, even if you don't believe in the murder. (Masque, 45, W.)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Violet Heming as a beautiful bad woman who almost disorganizes the British Army, but is foiled by A. E. Anson. (Ritz, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—The first real light comedy of the season and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A Van Cortlandt Park express made much more interesting than usual by a trick murder. (Liberty, 42, W.)

#### *WITH MUSIC*

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A gay, spirited show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—In spite of several important vacancies in the old Scandals line-up, Mr. White has put together another of his generally satisfactory shows with the aid of Willie Howard and Frances Williams. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GREAT DAY—Some of Vincent Youmans' good music but not much else. (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Dark gaiety and dancing which begins marvellously but doesn't always sustain itself. (Hudson, 44, E. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MLLE. MODISTE—For Victor Herbert fans, with Fritzi Scheff again singing the popular melodies. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—Another Victor Herbert revival. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs. Engagement ends. Sat., Nov. 2.)

THE NEW MOON—Operatic love, misunderstanding, and adventure in old Louisiana. (Imperial, 45, W.)

SWEET ADELINE—A musical hit replete with good stuff (and some dull stuff), Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—Beautiful but not dumb: Eddie Cantor is the star. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark" is still at the Old Rialto (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30.

VAUDEVILLE—Julius Tannen is at the Palace Fri., Oct. 25 only. Bill Robinson, the tap-dancing star, will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Oct. 26. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47, 2:15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "H. M. S. Pinafore," Sat. Aft., Oct. 26; "Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Aft., Nov. 2. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

#### *OPENINGS OF NOTE*

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

A WONDERFUL NIGHT—A revival of Johann Strauss' operetta "Die Fledermaus." Opens Thurs., Oct. 31. (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.) The following opened too late for review in this issue:

LADIES OF THE JURY—Mrs. Fiske in a comedy by Fred Ballard. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

MAGGIE THE MAGNIFICENT—George Kelly's new play. (Cort, 48, E.)

THE SILVER TASSIE—A new play by Sean O'Casey. (Greenwich Village, 7 Ave. at Christopher.)

### AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—After-theatre dancing in a Joseph Urban setting to music by Leo Reisman.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Where you will find Moss and Fontana, and Libby Holman. What more could you want! Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with dancing by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and undersea decorations. Must dress.

TROCADERO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Supper dancing, with entertainment by Chick Endor and Ramon and Rosita.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his orchestra, back from Hollywood.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the night clubs of this type: Les Ambassadeurs (formerly Rendezvous), Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White entertaining the Broadway crowd. . . . Casanova, 134 W. 52, featuring Frances Williams and Fred Keating.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Jack Powell, the trap-drummer. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is the newest arrival. . . . The Russian Art, 7 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

(Continued on page 16)

### DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE


| | Page |
|---|---|
| THE THEATRE | 40 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 48 |
| SHOUTS AND MURMURS | 50 |
| THE ART GALLERIES | 55 |
| FOOTBALL | 71 |
| COURT GAMES | 79 |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: | |
| PARIS FASHIONS CABLE | 82 |
| PARIS FASHIONS LETTER | 82 |
| FEMININE FASHIONS | 84 |
| THIS AND THAT | 86 |
| AS TO MEN | 88 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS | 92 |
| CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS | 95 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 99 |
| THE SKY LINE | 111 |
| RECENT BOOKS | 115 |
| AMONG THE NEW BOOKS | 119 |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# GOINGS ON

# ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2]

(Continued from page 14)

## MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

APPLAUSE—Helen Morgan as a burlesque queen in a tragic story of backstage life. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE COCK EYED WORLD—The marines of "What Price Glory" at it again in a rough and amusing comedy. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri., Oct. 25; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. Should please even the most fastidious. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—A spirited musical show from the Avery Hopwood farce. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A full-sized musical revue with half of Hollywood in the cast. A bit overwhelming, but entertaining. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M. and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

MADAME X—Highly effective talkie devised from the big old heartbreak drama, featuring Ruth Chatterton. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 26-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Moran and Mack, doing all their old familiar numbers. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Dance of Life," the movie of "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll; "The Four Feathers," silent, worth while for a few fine African scenes; "Hallelujah," all-negro picture, expertly done, of life in the cotton fields; "Three Live Ghosts," an amusing comedy of London on Armistice Day.

## ART

AMERICANS ABROAD—A lot of the young boys who have been in the Quarter all summer bring back their impressions: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M. Closes Mon., Oct. 28.

AMERICANS PREFERRED—Some of the best of the younger men with fresh samples of their summer work. Dickinson, Blume, Billings, Kuniyoshi, Spencer, etc.; Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Another group of local boys who have a following. Arnold Wiltz, Arnold Blanch, and some good workmen: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BENTON—A realist who comments on American life in its everyday phases with a good deal of beauty. Sketches of workers in cotton fields and lumber camps: Delphic Studios, 9. E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Annual spiurge of all sorts of things of the better-known classic and contemporary French. As thrilling a show as you may find this winter. A Derain worth walking miles to see, with Matisse and Braque of great beauty: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave., above 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Mon., Oct. 28.

MORE FRENCH—Paintings, water colors, and drawings by Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Modigliani, Vlaminck, Segonzac, and others: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

POOR—Remarkable pottery of Varnum Poor, who has given up the clay for two years to take up his first love—painting. These majolicas may be the last for some time: Potters' Shop, 755 Madison. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

YOUNG AMERICA—The beginners who toil showing their first impressions at the Opportunity Gallery. The pictures for this show were chosen by Lewis Mumford: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

## MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

### RECITALS

AMY EVANS AND FRASER GANGE—Solos and duets (and when have you heard the latter in a recital?) by two accomplished songsters. Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25.

ANNE ROSELLE—Return of an excellent soprano who seems to have been Something in Europe. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25.

IGNAZ FRIEDMAN—An imposing pianist coming back. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 26.

LEE PATTISON—Half of the famous piano twins in his own recital. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 26.

THE ENGLISH SINGERS—Just a treat—that's all. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 26.

JOSEF LHEVINNE—One of the finest pianists of our time. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Oct. 27.

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Return of a master violinist. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Oct. 28.

JAMES FRISKIN—An original and able pianist. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Oct. 28.

ELLY NEY—A popular pianiste in popular compositions at popular prices. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 29.

ISIDOR GORN—One of the most accomplished younger pianists. Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Oct. 30.

OSCAR SEAGLE—A celebrated American baritone in an international program. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31.

REINALD WERRENRATH—The inimitable Weary. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 1.

EDDY BROWN—Return of the native. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 2.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Oct. 25, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Oct. 27; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 1; at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Oct. 26, at 11 (Young People's Concert); Sat. Morn., Nov. 2, at 11 (Children's Concert).

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Efrem Zimbalist, soloist: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 26, at 8:45.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Oct. 27, at 4.

ALUMNI GLEE CLUB—Werrenrath directing: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Oct. 27.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Oct. 29.

HALL JOHNSON NEGRO CHOIR—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 2.

### OPERA

METROPOLITAN—Season opens with Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Mon. Eve., Oct. 28, at 8:15. Other operas scheduled for the first week are: "Die Meistersinger," Wed. Eve., Oct. 30, at 7:45; "Aida," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8; "Norma," Fri. Eve., Nov. 1, at 8; "The Girl of the Golden West," Sat. Aft., Nov. 2, at 2; and "Mignon," Sat. Eve., Nov. 2, at 8.

## ON THE AIR

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat., Oct. 26: Harvard vs. Dartmouth, from Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M., over WJZ; Yale vs. Army, from New Haven, at 2 P.M., over WEAF; Illinois vs. Michigan, from Urbana, at 3 P.M., over WABC. . . . Sat., Nov. 2: Princeton vs. Chicago, from Princeton, at 2 P.M., over WJZ and WABC; Navy vs. University of Pennsylvania, from Philadelphia, at 2 P.M., over WEAF.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Oct. 26 and Nov. 2, at 9 P.M., and Fri., Nov. 1, at 11 A.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Oct. 27, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA—Operatic baritone: Sun., Oct. 27, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—Cadman's "A Witch of Salem:" Wed., Oct. 30, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Goossens conducting: Fri., Nov. 1, at 3:15 P.M., over WJZ.

## SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Some of these games are also broadcast. See "On the Air.")

Sat., Oct. 26—Columbia vs. Williams, Baker Field, 2:30 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Butler, Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. Davis and Elkins, Polo Grounds, 2:30 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. George Washington, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Yale vs. Army, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, 2:30 P.M. Sat., Nov. 2—N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium, 2 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Rensselaer Polytechnic, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Chicago, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . University of Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M. . . . Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, 2 P.M.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M. and 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:20 P.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 8:25 A.M. (leaving you only half an hour to get over from Boston); for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.; for Ithaca, from Penn. Sta., through sleeper leaves Friday at 11:50 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N. J., Sat. Aft., Oct. 26. . . . United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, L. I., Sat., Nov. 2, at 2 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:20 P.M.)

RACING—Emipre City track, Yonkers; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Fri., Nov. 1. (Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:44 P.M.)

## OTHER EVENTS

RODEO—Annual invasion of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden. Nightly at 8:15, through Sat., Nov. 2. Mats. Sat. and Sun., Oct. 26 and 27, and Fri. and Sat., Nov. 1 and 2, at 2:15.

CHARITY DANCE—For the benefit of the American Society for the Control of Cancer: Pierre's, 290 Park, Sat. Eve., Oct. 26, at 11.

PUBLIC BALL—Playboy's annual Hallowe'en costume party: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Oct. 25, at 10.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57: Fine period furniture and interior decorations, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 25 and 26, at 2:15. . . . The library of Mrs. O. S. Norwood, Tues. Aft., Oct. 29, at 2:15. . . . American and foreign autographs, Wed. Aft., Oct. 30, at 2:15.

# Marmon

*today, thrift is definitely a part of smartness. Marmon is a leader of this new spirit. it brings an excellence of transportation looking first to what is really wanted—and then to what is reasonable to pay for it. if you, too, reason this way, why don't you buy one of these keen-looking Marmon straight-eights and do something else with the difference? the "78" (illustrated) is $1965. the "68"—still a bit more thrifty, is $1465. and the Marmon-built Roosevelt, also a straight-eight, is offered at $995.*

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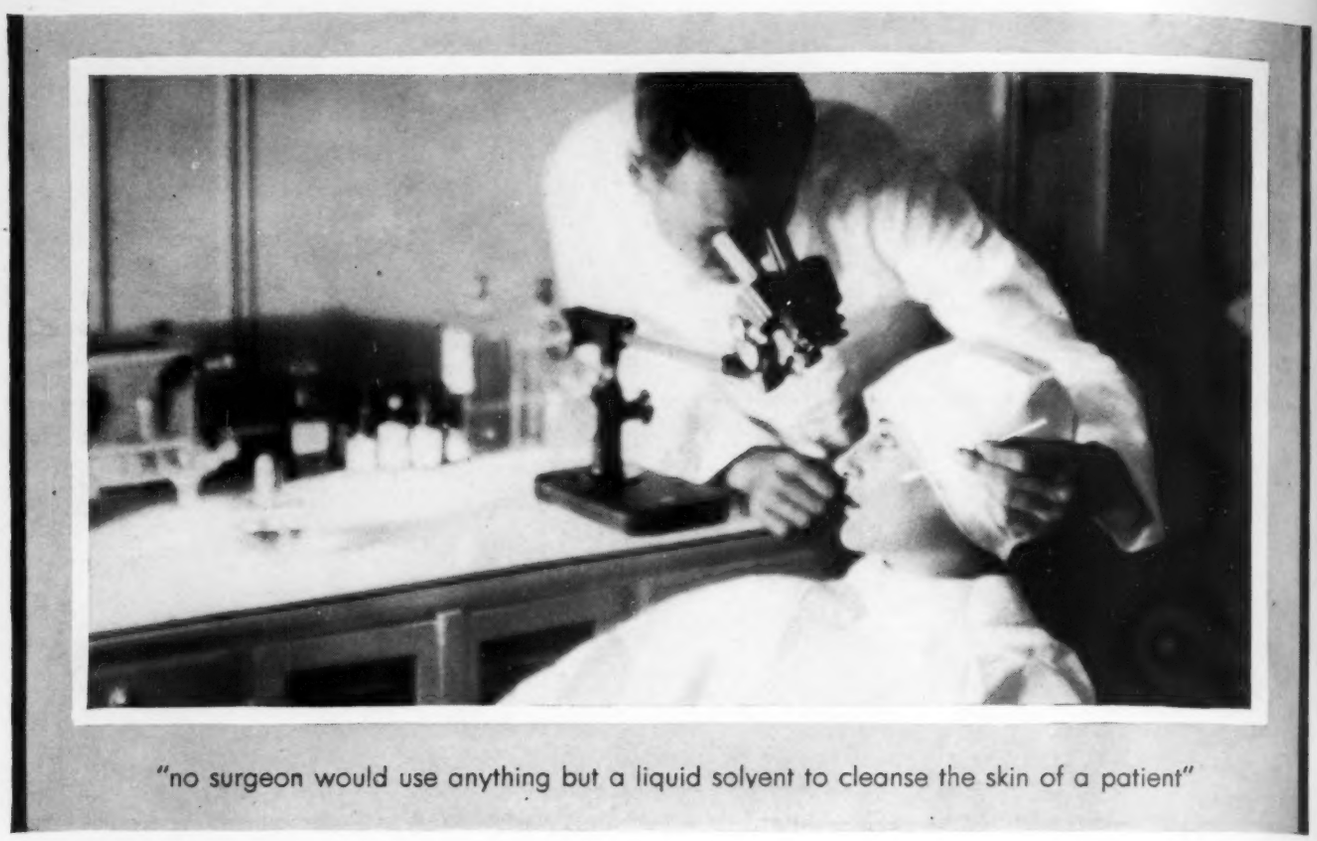


"no surgeon would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient"

# A $25 VISIT TO A SKIN SPECIALIST

## reveals the truth about dirty pores

A leading dermatologist said this to a woman who came for advice:

"The pores of your skin are not only dirty, they're actually clogged to their depths.

"Even a dry skin, you see, has a certain amount of oil in the pores. This combined with the wax and oil rubbed into the pores by the use of a cleansing cream attracts dirt and germs.

"Large pores and blackheads develop. Wrinkles and flabbiness follow. The skin looks sallow, old.

"Only a liquid really cleanses pore-deep. No surgeon uses anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient."

Pore-deep cleansing permits the skin to breathe. Natural skin health soon follows. This is true for each type of skin.

Oiliness is prevented and blackheads removed by liquid cleansing. Dry skins should be cleansed first with a liquid, then softened by a pure facial cream, but must always be cleansed again with the liquid to remove any wax left in the pores by the cream.

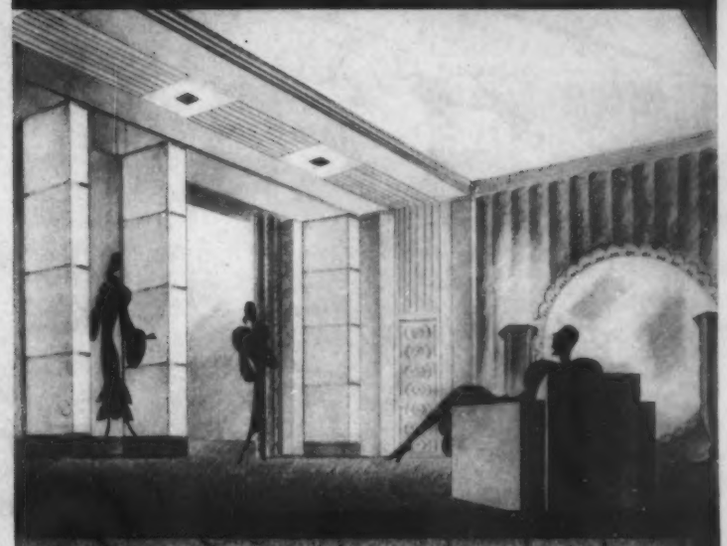
Ambrosia, the new sunlit liquid, brings radiant youth even to skins grown coarse thru neglect.

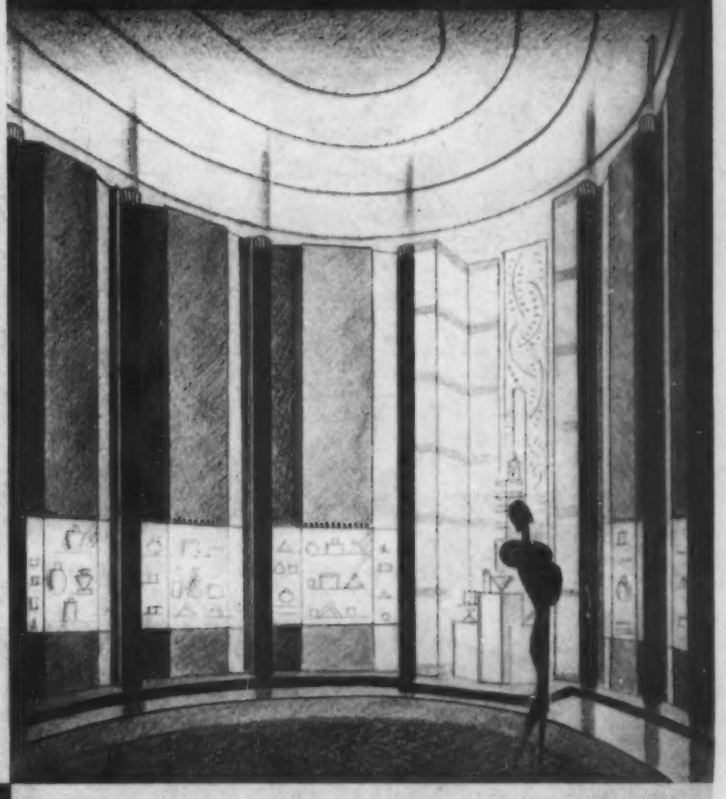
There is no wax in Ambrosia to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Ambrosia's pore-deep cleansing takes only one minute, a fifth of the usual time.

Correct cleansing treatments for each type of skin are given in a booklet which comes with every Ambrosia bottle. Now at all better specialty shops, drug and department stores, $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.

the pore-deep liquid cleanser

# THOROUGHLY AND LITERALLY INDIVIDUAL





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Not being able to answer all the inquiries I have received recommending another milliner. I take this opportunity to let you know that I have placed my first designer and her entire staff with the Atelier de Paris in Saks Fifth Avenue where I know you will find the best hats in New York.

Avec mes meilleurs Souvenirs

Mercédès

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Notes and Comment*

As usual at this time of the year we have night-club trouble. We go so seldom, and entertainers jump around so fast from one place to another, that we are always a veritable mine of misinformation, and sometimes just downright silly. We memorize a few salient facts, such as that Emil Coleman is at 10 East Sixtieth Street, only to go there and find out it is Rudy Vallée. We are never any closer than three jumps behind Texas Guinan, about whom, from year to year, we remember only the pithy and unhelpful fact that she lives in West Eighth Street with her mother. This confusion in the matter of night-club entertainers has cost us a lot of weight, but the solution has finally come to us. We have adopted Ramon and Rosita as a generic name for *all* night-club entertainers and refuse to think of any act as anything else, even if there are three men in it named Clayton, Jackson, and Durante.

A YEAR or so ago, everybody, including Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was urging the owners of hot-dog stands to do something about the disgraceful appearance of the countryside. Now that we look around at the results, we're not sure that everybody

shouldn't have just kept quiet. Prosperous and willing, the roadside people leapt into the spirit of the thing. Down came the old bill-plastered frame hut with the Moxie sign, and up went a thatched-roof replica of an English tavern. Up, also, went Chinese pagoda rôtisseries, Spirit of St. Louis waffle dens, goody shops in the shape of peanuts, restaurants in the shape of cornucopias, and restaurants in the shape of the letter "Q." The spirit of Alice Foote MacDougall spread like the fiery cross through the rural districts. In the old unregenerate days, the roadside places used to be pretty bad, heaven knows, but they at least had a kind of indigenous appearance, like Indian shell mounds. Now what we have is a permanent World's Fair on every highway. Well, we asked for it, and by golly we got it.

Mr. Leopold Stokowski intends to have no more monkey business at Carnegie. People who arrive a second late for the first note of his Philadelphia Orchestra will have to

wait outside one hour, until the intermission, before they can be seated. This is pretty stern. We think concert-goers should be seated between numbers. Conductors are apt to be just a shade too touchy anyway. The long embarrassing pause which they make before the first movement, to allow ladies to unravel their programs, usually makes us so uneasy that we are unable to hear the first few phrases of music at all. Maybe the reason we're so tolerant about concert audiences is that any little disturbance during a number reminds us of that terrific scene in "Dulcy" in which Lynn Fontanne removed the tissue paper from a box of candy during a piano solo. The memory of that so amuses us that we are quite content to sit in our seat and chuckle. Be that as it may, if Mr. Stokowski makes people wait an hour in the lobby, he might at least provide them with a ping-pong table.

If a person had enough statistics at his command, he could probably do something about women on a large scale. They could be made a force for

good—could return, in fact, to their old rôle of Man's Inspiration. To illustrate: it is well known that plain girls embark for their offices a shade before 8:29 A.M., and that five minutes or so later young ladies of more charm begin to put in an appearance. The grade then rises rapidly and steadily so that by nine o'clock the girls in street cars and on corners are almost all beautiful. After nine they are lovely indeed, even though sometimes petulant and possessed of a certain hauteur. The point is, no really good-looking girl can be got out of bed before 8:29, which means that the great mass of male workers miss the morning inspiration of seeing lovely faces and well-tailored hips. We propose, offhand, some scheme whereby the Average Man could go to work when the beauties were on the street. Why not have women run on Daylight Saving Time all year, and men on Standard Time? That would fix it.

Incidentally, in doing anything about women in general, we would have to ask the Childs restaurants for their coöperation. At present they

are acting in a very high-handed manner. They are putting, at their tables by the windows, young waitresses of great purity of soul but no especial looks, while the tables far in the rear, unseen by the multitudes in the streets, are served by the contest winners. That kind of selfish aggrandizement would have to give way to our larger dream, if we were to accomplish anything in the way of Civic Glory through Feminine Grace.

### *Success*

IN one of the recent plays, which opened and closed quietly out of town, the principal character was a considerable villain. For every million he made there was a broken heart. Each act showed him making millions and breaking hearts. He made a million in bootlegging and broke his mother's heart, and so on. On the way out of the theatre the members of one party made derogatory remarks about the rascal. This annoyed a Mr. Grabnitz, one of their number, who had seen the play with the broad-mindedness of a good businessman. "If you esk me," said he, "I couldn' help admirin' him—he vas doing so vell!"

### *Mob Scene*

THERE'S a broken plate-glass window for every sale in Fourteenth Street. If you like riots and accidents and take a sardonic pleasure in watching women revert to type, go down to Fourteenth Street on a Bargain Day. Blue and white flags are hung out, as for a holiday, in front of the store which is having the sale—although this bit of information may be misleading, for usually the stores on both sides hang out flags too, thus catching the overflow and saving the cost of a half-page newspaper ad. On the morning of the sale, six or eight police, assigned to this special duty, arrive early, but the women are there before them, surging up from subways, flowing down from the "L." By a quarter of nine, grim, chattering, they have been formed into line, four abreast, and begin to surge against the grilled gates which the storekeepers long ago found necessary to avoid being stormed before everything is ready. Wooden frameworks are put up the night before to protect the windows but, as intimated above, they frequently don't work.

At the R. Smith sale, near Sixth Avenue last week, they didn't work. We were there when they broke, and a window with them. The gates were opened at a signal from within, the police bawled for order. Unheeding them, the ladies began to push. Animal squeals went up all along the line. They rose to a shriek, and the big drive was on. A railing around a window gave way, the glass broke, and a great piece fell like the blade of a guillotine. Two children were injured. The police bawled threats, but momentum was fed the column from half a block away, and there was no breasting it. It was many minutes before the victims could be removed.

When the first thousand or so women got inside, there to shout insults and grab things, the outer gates, two in number, were finally forced shut by main, blue-coated strength. A two-hundred-pound officer guarded one; the other, which was before the broken window, was locked for the day. This left a bottleneck—and with the bargain hunters still scurrying in from Jersey and Queens. The officer was

*"Flirt!"*

instructed to let a few women in at a time, but as soon as he got the door slightly ajar they ganged him and he went down like a set-upon football tackle. Three or four policemen came to his rescue, but by the time they got him on his feet and restored the line of blue, two or three hundred women and a few men had got in the store. Some men accompany their wives, as a sort of interference, get the women inside, and depart—if they can.

S. Klein's, in Union Square, is the Gettysburg of the war against cops for dollar-ninety-eight dresses. Here, when they have a sale, the sidewalk is roped off to keep the ladies from raging out into traffic and knocking down innocent trucks. Klein's once worked out a scheme to keep order within their store. They arranged rope aisles in serpentine fashion, putting in several corners that the shoppers had to turn, and thus avoided a long straightaway down which the attacking column could storm thousands strong. The system didn't work though. The ladies just tore the ropes down.

H.J.H.

### *Service*

BELATEDLY we learn of the perplexities of a florist over Miss Ishbel MacDonald's attendance at the football game a week or so ago. Mr. Whalen and his confreres arranged to send her to it in fine style, providing a motorcycle escort, guards along the way, a flourish for her arrival in her box, etc. Just at the moment the machinery was to be set in motion, somebody realized that no corsage bouquet had been ordered for the young lady. One of the committee leaped to the telephone, called a florist and commanded flowers, specifying the hour and the minute they were to be delivered and to whom. The florist was so flustered that he completely forgot to ask what kind of flowers were wanted, and obviously a bouquet worn to a football game must have something to do with the teams playing. He remembered, of course, the minute he hung up the receiver, and he tried to call back but was told that messages were temporarily not being received. This left him pretty much up in the air. After thinking about the matter deeply, he looked in the papers and found that Columbia was playing Wesleyan, and N.Y.U., Fordham. He then took some violets, for N.Y.U., tied them with a light-blue ribbon, for Columbia, and wrapped the stems in maroon tinfoil, for Fordham. He delivered the corsage and never heard any more about it.

### *Hamelin*

A PIED piper would be handy right now in the railroad yards along Riverside Drive. Everything was going along fine there, with a lot of land being reclaimed by filling in, when a plague of rats descended. On a clear night, they say you can count a hundred to two hundred running along the rails, laughing and talking. This is really not so disgraceful as it might seem; as a lot of people know, one of the loveliest parks on the French Riviera has rats. The railroad people, however, are sensitive, and they have been quietly holding rat hunts for weeks. They also have been furtively setting traps, dozens of them, along the parapets above the river, particularly at Seventy-ninth Street, which is a kind of rat headquarters. The situation there was slowly being got in hand when the engineers discovered that a kindly old lady was coming down from her home each evening after dusk, feeding the rats fish, and then turning them loose. This, you may believe, vexed the huntsmen. "It got to be like Penelope's tapestry," said one of them. "We wove and the old lady unwove." They argued with her and she finally compromised. She still feeds the rats fish, but does not liberate them.

### *The Unknown Major*

WHEN feeling like it, Mr. La Guardia tells about this happening at his political headquarters. He slipped (if our enterprising candidate can be said ever to slip) from his private office to the room of one of his managers. The latter was out; only his secretary there. "Who shall I say called on um?" she asked. This astonished Mr. La Guardia, who undertook properly to impress the young lady. "Mis-ter La Guard-dia!" he said with deep emphasis, and turned to leave. "Howd'ya spell ut?" she called after him.

### *Pour le Sport*

NOTHING in autumn's color scheme approaches the Maurice Chevalier shirts for men—those incredible blue ones with the bright red ties to go with them. We saw one flash by in Broadway the other morning. We also discovered a whole window full of them. The sign said "Chevalier shirts" and, lest anyone go wrong, added in parentheses: "Sha-vahl-yey." That wasn't all, either. With infinite solicitude, lest a customer wear the shirt at the wrong moment, the shop had provided a little window-card bearing the pert admonition: "For bridge or radio."

### *Night Court*

"DISORDERLY conduct," said the patrolman.

The magistrate of the Night Court stared down at the weak little man who had been brought in.

"What for?"

"Pictures—selling dirty pictures," said the patrolman.

He then produced the evidence. The evidence consisted of, we blush to report, several dozen post-card pictures of Venus de Milo in the Louvre. The magistrate examined a couple of them.

"Two dollars," he said.

The man paid the fine.

### *Folly of 1908*

THAT square tile structure, windowless and bare, rising like a tremendous chimney ten stories above the roof of the seven-story building directly south of the Times Building is (in case you have always wanted to know) the Times Square Tower. That's its name, but you have to inquire to find out, because it isn't in evidence anywhere. It was built, together with the building beneath it, about twenty-one years ago by a man who came from St. Louis and got the idea the first day he was here. His plan was to use it solely for advertising signs, and since in those days a tower seventeen stories high could be seen from

New Jersey, it didn't seem a bad idea. He bought Considine's old Metropole Hotel, the haunt of the sporting gentry, demolished it, and put up the present structure. Unfortunately he had no more than done this when tall buildings began popping up all around. The skyscraper era had begun. Pretty soon the tower couldn't be seen well from anywhere but across the street, and by that time pedestrians in Times Square had become so numerous and so frantic that it was all anyone's life was worth to look up. Along with skyscraper trouble came legal difficulties. Some of the nearby hotels got out injunctions against the signs put up, notably an early and generally remembered one showing a kitten playing with a spool of silk. It stopped crowds for a while, but the Knickerbocker Hotel went to court and got out papers. Eventually the gentleman went back to St. Louis.

You can go into the building now. The first seven stories, laid out for offices, are ornate—marble stairways, heraldic carvings on the walls, and so on. An elevator runs to the seventh floor, whence springs the tower. You can look up into it. It is just a shell, floorless and hollow, but with a lot of steel supports to hold it together.

## *Mood*

IT was a particularly crisp and blowy October day. Dusk had gone through the street. We rang our friend's bell and were admitted to his apartment. He seemed to be at work, writing. From the bathroom came the sound of the shower. After a long interval we interrupted.

"What are you writing about, and why do you leave that shower running?" we asked petulantly.

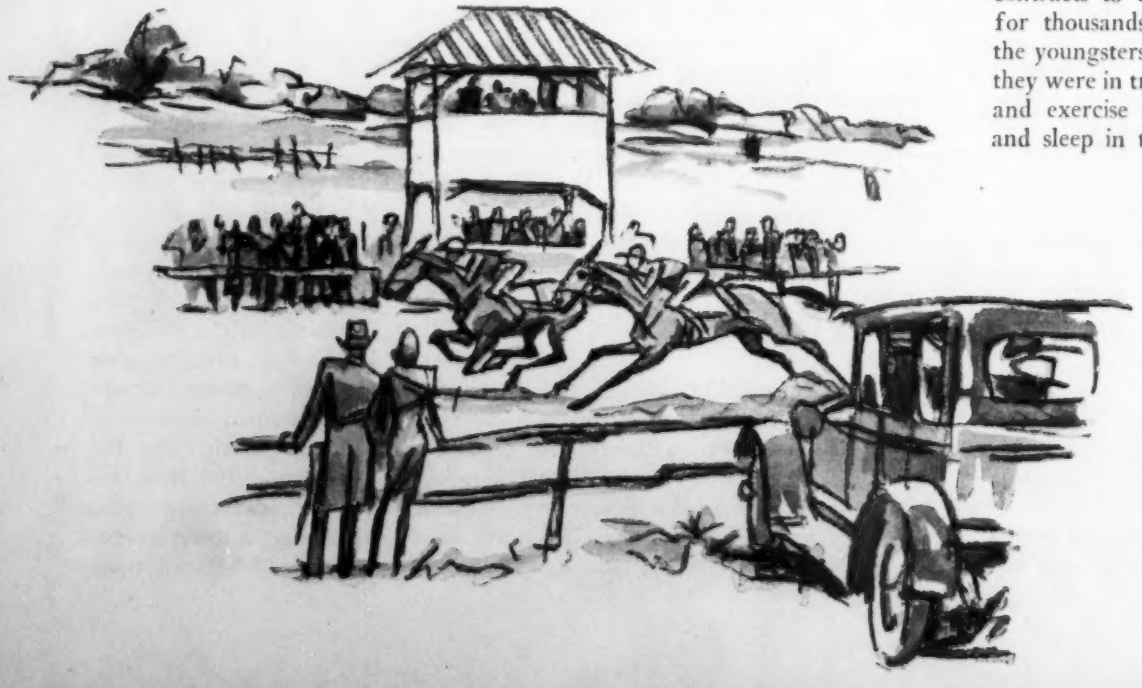
"Writing about April," he replied, glancing sadly out the window at the clear cold sky.

## *Father Bill*

THE story of American horse-racing must include a picture of Father Bill Daly—a word picture it will have to be, because he dislikes the camera, being one of the old school that pays little attention to clothes and general appearance. People who see the old fellow around the paddock mostly take him for a nondescript hanger-on, but those who know him respect him as the best trainer of jockeys horse-racing has ever known. If you ask him how old he is, he will say, "Oh, a hundred." A good guess is that he is in his middle eighties. He schooled the famous Snapper Garrison, now a bit gray himself, and Jimmy McLaughlin, called the greatest of American jockeys. Most of his protégés have long since become inactive, but their names are mighty in the lore of the horses: Danny Maher, Winnie O'Connor, Guy and Tommy Burns, Jimmie and Johnny Lamly, Patsy McDermott, Jimmy Fitzpatrick, Willie Brennan, Willie Palmer, and many, many others.

More than half a century ago, Daly used to ride in a sulky behind trotters. Then he lost his leg in a railroad accident. Hampered in his driving, he took up horse and jockey training. Up to a few years ago he had a stable of his own. He used to keep his horses at his home, a fine one at Sheepshead Bay, and on the day of a race in which he was entered he would drive his horse, hitched to a side-bar buggy, over to Belmont or Aqueduct. He never owned a famous horse, not even a very good one, but now and again one of his would beat the best. Notably, his Sailor Boy, running at odds of a hundred to one, won from Broomstick.

It was long ago that Daly found it profitable to teach youngsters to ride. He would obtain indenture papers on boys in their early teens, train them until they had become expert and had attracted attention, and then sell their contracts to the highest bidder, often for thousands of dollars. Educating the youngsters cost him little, for while they were in training they would groom and exercise his horses, do odd jobs, and sleep in the hayloft. Father Bill was a hard master, but most of those he graduated wore diamonds afterward. He doesn't train jockeys any more and doesn't think much of the present-day jockeys—points out that they ride in automobiles and that there are many foreigners among them, meaning too many that are not Irish.



Now Father Bill is reputed to be worth half a million, but his wealth has changed him little. The biggest difference is, perhaps, that he buys his wooden legs now, instead of whittling them himself, as he used to do. The most famous story about him concerns this artificial limb. An S.P.C.A. agent, informed that Father Bill was ill-treating his horses, went to investigate and came upon the old codger bathing a horse's leg in a tub of very hot water. The agent tested the water, withdrew a scalded finger, and said that he would have to arrest Daly. Daly scoffed at the fellow's tender fingers and offered to put his own leg in the water and keep it there five minutes. He offered, further, to bet twenty-five dollars he could do it. The agent tested the water again, and bet. Daly put in his wooden leg and won in a walk.

### *Samaritan*

THE last guests to leave the Waldorf were the pigeons, who numbered possibly five hundred, and these have mostly been taken care of at No. 12 West Thirty-second Street. Mr. William Eckman, a photographer, set up a large penthouse on the roof there. The birds that haven't taken up residence in it have moved on uptown to the Library.

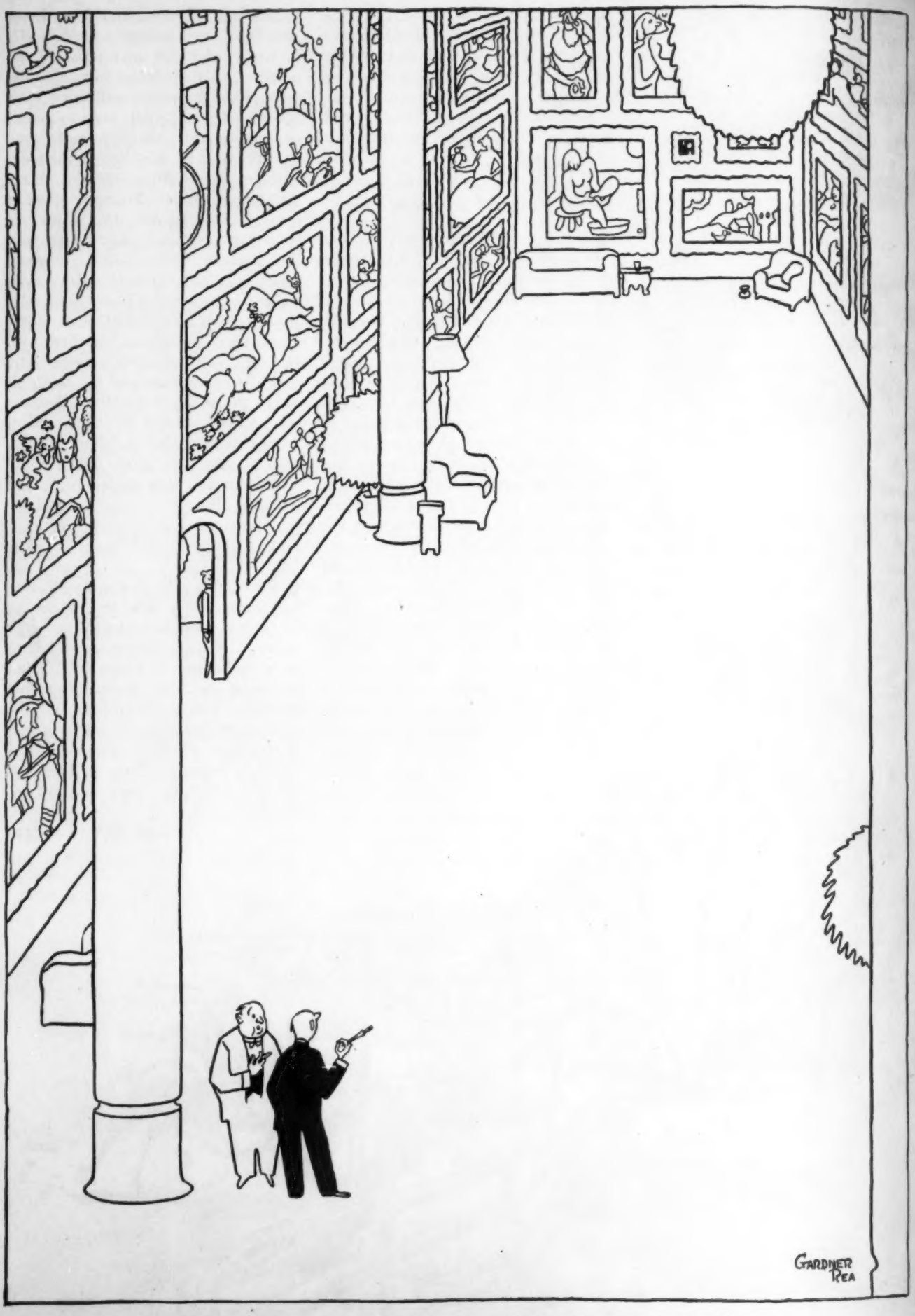
### *High Noon of a Financier*

YOU may remember that our representative at the Reparations Conference in Paris was to let all technical matters go and merely keep us informed as to what Mr. Owen D. Young, Mr. Morgan, and their colleagues did about the little things. Thus we were able to report that one day, in a quiet restaurant, Mr. Morgan complained about the prices, with the result that the proprietor argued volubly with the financiers in two languages and finally brought out his books to prove (in French) that he lost money on everything but the asparagus. We call the incident up again because we have just learned what Mr. Young does about lunch here at home. It's an important matter. More often than not Mr. Young lunches alone, at the downtown Savarin, 120 Broadway. He detests conversation during these meals, and has taken effective steps to prevent it. An old waiter of long service, named Sam, always attends him. Long ago Sam was trained to take Mr. Young's order and utter no word, no syllable. The financier looks over the menu, states his wants, and Sam doesn't acknowledge the order, even by a nod. An uninitiated waiter might make some remark about the weather, or the food, but not Sam. An uninitiated waiter might even tell Mr. Young he must be loony, reminding him that he had already eaten his lunch; for, it turns out, the financier shatters all big-business tradition by sometimes eating two midday meals, a couple of hours apart. Mr. Young shows his appreciation for Sam's silence by always tipping him fifty cents. He departed from this custom only once. After his first meal following his return from the Reparations Conference, he left a five-dollar bill for Sam. Even that day, after the long absence, nothing was said at the table. Mr. Young smiled, Sam smiled back, and that was all.

### *Protection*

SEVERAL representative citizens were quietly drinking in one of the better speakeasies when the cops entered. Guests were quietly asked to leave, and as quietly began to. Then the cops and the proprietor talked quietly. The guests had reached the door when they were cheerily recalled. It was all a mistake, owing to a confusion in house numbers. The cops had meant to raid Number 36, not 46. Forty-six is all right.

—THE NEW YORKERS




*"You know, I rather like that little thing at the end."*

# IL PENSEROTHSTEIN, OR: THE ELECTION

DURING a political campaign the newspapers necessarily print such a mass of reading matter regarding the candidates and issues that a voter must have a more than usually analytical mind to be able to separate the wheat from the chaff and go to the polls knowing exactly for what and for whom he wishes to vote.

For instance, it is safe to predict that a great many citizens will vote for Fiorello La Guardia on November 5 under the impression that it was he who wrote "Would You Rather Love Me In November or December?" It was Mayor Walker who wrote that song. La Guardia wrote "Irving Berlin."

Of course, for that matter, if the befuddled voter thinks *he* is dazed he ought to get a glimpse of the editorial writers who write the editorials which daze him. Editorial writers in New York City at the present time may be roughly divided into two classes:

1. Those who think Norman Thomas ought to be elected but who work on newspapers favoring Walker.

2. Those who think Norman Thomas ought to be elected but who work on newspapers favoring La Guardia.

The plight of these gentle creatures may be better imagined than described. The same goes for Mr. Thomas.

In this little brochure we shall attempt to furnish the voter with a compact and unbiased résumé of the issues in the present mayoralty campaign. Clip this article from THE NEW YORKER. Paste it in some prominent spot (your wife's back would be nice) and glance through it occasionally in your spare time between now and Election Day. Bright and early on that Day of Days, arise, stretch, yawn, and then go back to bed and sleep soundly until well after the polls have closed. There is nothing in the world so conducive to health as a good sound sleep. It knitteth up the ravelled sleeve of care. It is conducive to good citizenship, too, for a sleepy citizen is a bad citizen.

In the evening, if you are a stickler about your civic duties, you can get yourself a horn and walk around Times Square, blowing it.

Why are we having this election, some voter may ask. Well, we are having it on account of the Rothstein case. Everybody is worried about the Rothstein case except the general public and Rothstein. The latter will remain dead no matter who wins, and, as a matter of fact, we are not so sure about the former being alive.

The Rothstein case is the issue in this campaign, and a good issue, too. One of the best, in fact, since the Rosenthal case, and if the local authorities had any sense at all they would have all their elections for the next twelve years right now while they have a good issue. They ought to make hay while the sun shines. An issue takes a lot of punishment during a campaign and you can't expect it to last forever. We may not have another issue like this for twenty years.

Who are the candidates for office? For Mayor there are the following:

Republican—Fiorello La Guardia.
Democratic—Fiorello Walker.
Socialist—Fiorello Thomas.

For District Attorney:

Democratic—Fiorello T. T. T. Crain.
Republican—Fiorello Coudert.

(Fiorello Coudert has been endorsed by the *Herald Tribune*, the *World*, and Mrs. Coudert, but he is opposed by Fiorello Curry, head of Tammany Hall, and Fiorello McCooey, Democratic boss of Brooklyn. Fiorello Banton was not a candidate for renomination as District Attorney.)

IT was apparent from the start that the Democrats would renominate Mayor Walker—at least it was apparent to Mayor Walker that they would—but finding a Republican nominee was a different matter. Finding a Republican nominee in New York City is only slightly less difficult than finding Senator Borah in the Republican party on any two successive days. Finding any kind of Republican in New York City is no cinch, for that matter.

Sam Koenig, Republican boss of New York City (but leader to you, if you please) was at his wit's end to find an opponent for Walker and was just about to ask the Republican boss of the Republican city of Philadelphia for the loan of a candidate when someone suggested putting an ad in the paper.

"You never can tell," said Sam's counsellor, "somebody might have an old Republican in the attic that we could use as a candidate."

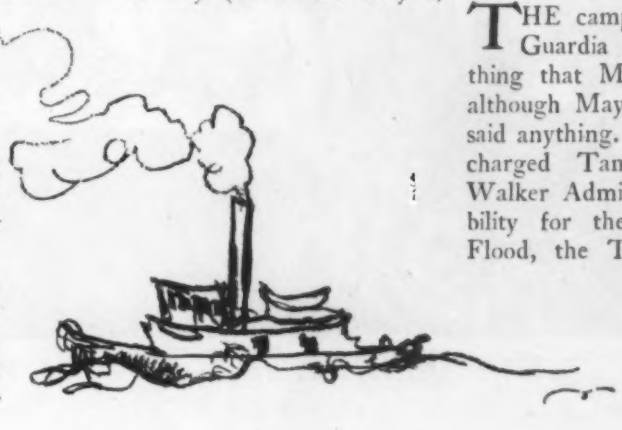
But just as Sam was about to advertise, there came a windfall. *Two* candidates appeared, Major La Guardia and Ruth Pratt, a local girl who had gone to the Big City (Washington) and made good.

"It never rains but it pours," said Sam, sadly, for he was now as badly off as before. He had wanted only one candidate.

Again fortune was with Sam, for almost immediately Ruth Pratt withdrew at the earnest request of her fellow Representatives, Ruth Hanna McCormick and Ruth Bryan Owen.

"You're shaking us when things are just beginning to look up for the Ruths," was the burden of their argument, "we've got three Ruths in the House now. If we can elect two hundred and fifty-nine more Ruths to the House and about sixty to the Senate we can seize the government and set up a Ruthigarchy. If you desert us now you'll go down in history as the Mrs. Benedict Arnold of the Ruths."

This left the field clear for Major La Guardia and he was nominated. Shudders ran up and down the spine of the *Herald Tribune* as it rallied—enthusiastically—to the support of the Major. Mr. Charles Evans Hughes was taking a glass of mineral water at a spa in Europe when the news reached him. He choked and was quite purple for a spell. He then whispered that he had nothing against La Guardia and would support him. Enthusiastically, of course.



THE campaign started. Mr. La Guardia promptly denied everything that Mayor Walker had said, although Mayor Walker had not yet said anything. Mr. La Guardia then charged Tammany Hall and the Walker Administration with responsibility for the following items: the Flood, the Thirty Years War, the Rape of the Sabine Women, the South Sea Bubble (in fact, *all* bubbles), the Dred Scott Decision, Appomattox

(this to get the Southern vote in New York City, which consists largely of Alabama girls trying to join the Theatre Guild), the Cromwell persecution of Ireland, the defeat of Boojum in the 1929 Futurity, the excavations on Eighth Avenue, and the death of Arnold Rothstein.

La Guardia claimed credit for himself and the Republican party for the invention of the cotton gin, the match between Anne Morrow and Mr. Anne Morrow, the score of "Show Boat," the Side Car cocktail, and this pleasant weather we've been having lately.

Mayor Walker took some of the wind out of his opponent's sails by admitting everything and reminding Mr. La Guardia that he had forgotten the Johnstown Flood and the epidemic of alopecia. Walker confessed responsibility for both these calamities.

Jimmy then charged that his office telephone wires had been tapped. He was looking straight at La Guardia. La Guardia retorted that if he wanted to find out anything about the city's business he wouldn't tap any wires in the mayor's office. *Touché!*

Somewhere about this time Mr. Enright (Richard E. Enright of the old Police Glee Club Enrights) entered the campaign with a fresh batch of charges. He was the candidate of the Square Deal party. As opposed to the Round Deal party, or the Hexagonal Deal party, presumably. Which reminds us that at some earlier date Mr. Hylan (John Faithful Hylan of the old William Randolph Hearst Hylans) took some kind of brief, fluttering, Cheyne-Stokes interest in the campaign.

In spite of everything, as the campaign progressed, hundreds of thousands of ungrateful and callous citizens, neglectful of their duties to the public weal, persisted in being more interested in such events as the World Series and the Sharkey-Loughran fight than the mayoralty campaign. In fact, your correspondent is able to state from personal observation that among those who found the Sharkey-Loughran fight more interesting than the mayoralty campaign was the Mayor himself. He was present in a ringside seat.

JUST one word more. In case there may be someone on Election Night who will be pacing up and down, gnawing at his fingernails, just crazy to hear the result, we have arranged a set of signals. If the Mayor is reëlected there will be twelve strokes on the bell in the Metropolitan Tower at midnight sharp. If La Guardia is elected we shall proceed from the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and Findings Hospital to Times Square in the nude, sitting in a chariot drawn by five hundred white blackbirds, also in the nude.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

## LEGEND

There is a story told about this place
Of one who lived here with so fair a face
That it was a legend. Like a sudden rose
Her beauty bloomed . . . and so the story goes.
But he who searches with a troubled mind
Finds little trace of her so fair and kind.
There is a child who speaks her gentle way;
A little tune they hum here to this day
Which was her tune. The leaves and brittle grass
Still bend as if they felt her presence pass.
*All bend one way*, although no breezes stir,
*All bend one way*, they do, because of her.
So faint a footfall did she make, so small
That some men think she never came at all,
Although they murmur in their broken sleep
Of things too beautiful and sad to keep,
And souls too magical and fair and free.
This is the story as they told it me:
There was a lady—then they pause and sigh
To hear her airy tread as she goes by.

—ELSPETH

*"Do you do other things besides stand on your head, Miss Cunningham?"*
*"Oh, yes. I can almost turn a somersault."*

*"Come on—don' stand dere gettin' ideas in yo' head."*

## PAL, A DOG

(WRITTEN AFTER A RECENT GLANCE AT THE "SATURDAY EVENING POST," A MAGAZINE)

DON'T let anyone tell you that dogs aren't pretty good judges of human nature. A clever scoundrel can often fool his fellow men, but a dog is quick to catch the subtle moral discord which, alas, so often lies beneath fine clothes and fine manners. Wasn't it Bobbie Burns who said "The beauties ken"?

I think it was, and I think the following little anecdote will prove this point better than any learned argument I could advance. I was sitting on the porch one day last April, smoking my jimmy-pipe and dreaming (as men will under the thrall of "our Lady Nicotine"), when I was startled to hear an ominous growl from Sunnyside Pal, who had been napping beside my chair. Looking up, I was even more surprised to see that Pal's disapproval seemed to be directed at Higgenbottom, our next-door neighbor, who had come through the opening in the hedge and was walking toward us across the lawn.

"Quiet, Pal," I said sternly, and the obedient animal sank down in silence beside my chair. I noticed that he was trembling and the hair rose in long ripples along his sleek back, but in my human arrogance I laid his behavior to the spring, for the wood below the house was full of the peeping and yammering of animal-things calling to each other with the rebirth of the world. I forgot him as I rose to greet Higgenbottom.

"Hello," said he. "You got time to come in the house a minute? Got something I'd like to show you."

I was a little surprised to see Higgenbottom's eyelid droop in what appeared to be a wink, but in my blindness, I failed to guess the reason. "Why, surely, old man," I said heartily.

I WAS holding the door open for Higgenbottom when I heard a snarl and a tawny comet flashed in front of me. It was Sunnyside Pal. There was the sound of tearing cloth, followed by an ugly oath from Higgenbottom, and then a tinkling crash and the air was filled with a strange pungent odor. Aghast, I stared down at my feet where a broken bottle lay in the centre of a widening pool of brownish liquid, which I instantly guessed to be whiskey. I raised my eyes slowly to Higgenbottom. He was clutching his hip and if ever I saw guilt on a human countenance it was on his. After a long silence I pointed sternly to the wreckage on the floor.

"Higgenbottom," I said. "If it hadn't been for this 'dumb brute' here you would have brought *that* into my house—into a decent American home. I ought to turn you over to the police, but for your wife's sake I'm going to let you go. I warn you, though, the next time it will go hard with you. Now *get out!*"

Without a word the wretched man strode down the steps and disappeared through the hedge. I laid my hand on Pal's head and smiled down into his brilliant eyes.

"Well, old chap," I murmured, "I guess I owe you a little apology."

There is little to add to this story, but that little is in the nature of a tragedy. Only two weeks later Sunnyside Pal got mixed up with a pack of rather tough rabbits, and we never saw him again. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Mrs. George was married before anaesthetics came into use in surgical operations.—*Ludlow (Ind.) Tribune.*

Love conquering, as it does, all.

# PROFILES

## LITTLE NARCISSUS

*Lily Damita*

MR. SAMUEL GOLDWYN does not permit himself to forget that he discovered Miss Lily Damita on the soil of France. Her arrival in Hollywood assumed an international flavor. Agents of the Goldwyn studios had herded the Los Angeles French colony down to the railroad station. The platform was festooned with the tricolor, a band played the "Marseillaise." When, at last, The Chief pulled in with Miss Damita on board, Mr. Goldwyn pressed forward solemnly waving a small French flag.

Mr. Goldwyn still observes the amenities although eighteen months have passed and Miss Damita has appeared on the screen as an English lady, a Peruvian dancer, and a Nicaraguan cutie. In September of this year he was in New York on a business trip when she also chanced to be in town. Asked to come to the Ambassador Hotel for a conference, she was surprised to find the Goldwyn suite gay with French flags.

Being astute as well as amiable, Miss Damita offers no objection when the idea is carried still further. Although her English is really excellent, and her accent none too pronounced, she obligingly says "wis," and "it ees," and "ze beautiful American mens, *non?*" upon coming into contact with her public. Sometimes it gets rather complicated. At a dinner party soon after landing, Lily found herself answering French questions in English one minute, and replying in French to English remarks the next. This distressed officials of the Goldwyn company a good deal, so she is now more careful.

"My public," she has confided to friends, "demands that I be an oo-la-la French girl and show my legs. It is good business. I do not mind."

Playing Lady Trevor to Ronald Colman's Tom Lingard in "The Rescue" was a severe strain upon Miss Damita's good nature. She admits to versatility —"I can play heavy tragedy or light comedy"—but this does not mean a rôle "in which I am thirty-five years old." Partly because of this, and partly because certain of Hollywood's older stars tried to snub her, Miss Damita's first few months in the movie metropolis were none too happy. At times, in fact, she was quite wretched. Much of "The Rescue" was shot at sea, and the rest on Catalina Island. She was seasick a good deal, and was irritated to Gallic fury by directors who insisted that she appear within two hours of the time when shooting was to begin.

Added to all this was the knowledge, as the picture was released, that her first film was to be a flop. Who was this Joe Conrad, wired exhibitors from various parts of the country? Where was the box-office allurement in a title like "The Rescue"? Why, after advance publicity emphasizing the Parisian vivacity of Miss Damita, had she been cast as a swell English lady? Goldwyn decided that something must be done to save the picture, and sent Lily on a long tour of personal appearances.

That tour is recalled on sleepless nights by certain young men on the Goldwyn staff assigned to accompany her. Miss Damita had very positive ideas, and very sound ones, too, about the desires of her public. She would prance on the stage while the band played *fortissimo*, throw a few kisses, and declare in carefully assassinated English that she was "ver' happee to be in your so charming city." This, however, did not seem quite the note to the Goldwyn strategists. Some concession must be made to the tragic film which had just unwound. So a compromise was effected. Lily was locked in a room and forced to learn a suave speech written for her. Audiences throughout the land saw a smartly dressed young woman walk out with dignity, while the band played "Hinky Dinky Parley-Vous," and recite that she was glad to be in that particular garden spot.

All the audiences, that is, save one which filled the Rialto in New York one night. Miss Damita had been boiling under the restraints placed upon her and was uttering veiled threats, while waiting in the wings, of what she would do once she got on the stage. Her official escort begged her to be discreet, to remember Mr. Goldwyn. Lily said nothing, but when the orchestra tuned up she kicked off her shoes, backed up a few feet, and gave a flying leap into full view of the audience. This sop to ego set her up for weeks.

IT is not easy to decide where an apparent naïveté gives way to extreme sophistication. Astuteness is probably a better word to describe this side of the guileless Lily; the hard, pragmatic astuteness which enabled the French peasants to meet war taxes from the pockets of the A.E.F. "Like zis?" she murmured softly when photographers asked her to raise her skirt a trifle, and it is now history that she made those hardened gentlemen blush. "You like my legs, yes?" she will demand of the most casual visitor, thrusting her excellent limbs out to be appreciated.

"I never wear stockings; it saves money," she explains.

She prattles on in this fashion at interviews, at parties, at the dinner table. She was asked whether she would fly to the Pacific Coast when returning to Hollywood. No, with emphasis, she would not. But Pola Negri had done so, it was pointed out. Then Lily threw out her arms in what passed for a typically French gesture:

"Ah, if poor Pola be killed, nobody left to cry. If Lily be killed the whole world weep."

Another time she was asked if she had boy friends in America. Of course she had, said Lily. But she would not talk about them, did not "like the papers to print things about them."

"I leave that," she said sweetly, "to Clara Bow and Lupe Velez."

This intense self-appreciation, uttered so simply and so frankly, is often convincing, and it brings no end of publicity. Miss Damita's admiration for Miss Damita is not synthetic. Her rooms in the Nirvana Apartments in Hollywood are filled with a curious

collection of bric-a-brac, and with innumerable mirrors. Her suite at the Savoy-Plaza in New York is plastered with posters proclaiming that Miss Damita is to be seen in "The Cock Eyed World." On nearly every table there is an enlargement of one of the countless photographs she treasures. Lily claims that she is an outdoor girl who likes to swim and who is—she says this a little doubtfully—"ver' fond of horses." Her chief exercise, however, is posing for photographs. "You like this one?" she demands, holding up a view taken on the Deauville sands. "Isn't this beautiful?" pointing to another in which Lily's curls toss in the wind.

Naïveté, one concludes, is an underestimate of Lily's nature. It is not a press-agent yarn, for example, that a meeting with Prince George of England in Paris so impressed the fourth royal son that he sent a radio to Miss Damita when approaching San Francisco on a battleship a year ago. She agreed to meet him at Montecito, and accompanied him to Hollywood, where a gaudy party was staged. For some hours she enjoyed herself amid the roar and confusion, and forgot what is usually uppermost in her mind—her career. Then she remembered that there was priceless publicity in "Prince Windsor," who would doubtless consent to be photographed. She looked around the roadhouse for a telephone, and then discovered that His Highness had been annexed by some wench from the Fox studios. This was one of the few occasions on which she has met defeat; on the whole Miss Damita is, as an actress and public figure, the press agent's dream. Take, as illustration, her feud with Peggy Hopkins Joyce in May, 1928.

Lily had landed a few days before and was bringing a new note of girlish freshness to jaded Hollywood. She was astonishingly lovely. She was dressed as a beautiful woman should dress, so that her clothes were subordinated to her beauty. She had dark brown eyes against a smooth skin, a smile that was warm and friendly, golden-brown hair which tumbled to her shoulders when she took off her hat, as she invariably did. She was rather small, with the faintest, and very attractive, suggestion of big bones. It was the sum of Lily's charms which made such an impression on those who saw her, and her greatest charm was a volcanic energy, an inability to be still for more than a few seconds. It seemed to be agreed that Sam Goldwyn had a find; a sweet, unsophisticated French girl. Why she could barely speak English!

The ballyhoo was highly successful for two days. Then, as it began to die, Lily granted an interview. "That Peggy Joyce!" she exploded. "She is jealous with me!" It appeared that Miss Damita had been at the Deauville Casino the previous Easter when Miss Joyce came in "with a very nice American man."

"He saw me. He said 'How beautiful!' Peggy Joyce was so furious that she jumped up and walked out. She hates me. Why? Because I am only twenty-one. Because they say I am the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Indeed!" said Miss Joyce frostily, when this was called to her attention. "And who, pray, is this Lily Damita?"

Only a friendless French girl in a strange land, Miss Joyce was promptly informed by Miss Damita's press

*"Now, Effie, my sword."*

agent. Lily was already filled with remorse. Would not Miss Joyce do the handsome thing and forgive her? What, after all, of *noblesse oblige?* Miss Joyce tapped softly with a jewelled finger while the young man waited breathlessly. Finally, she consented to receive Miss Damita at luncheon that day. Yes, he might inform the photographers.

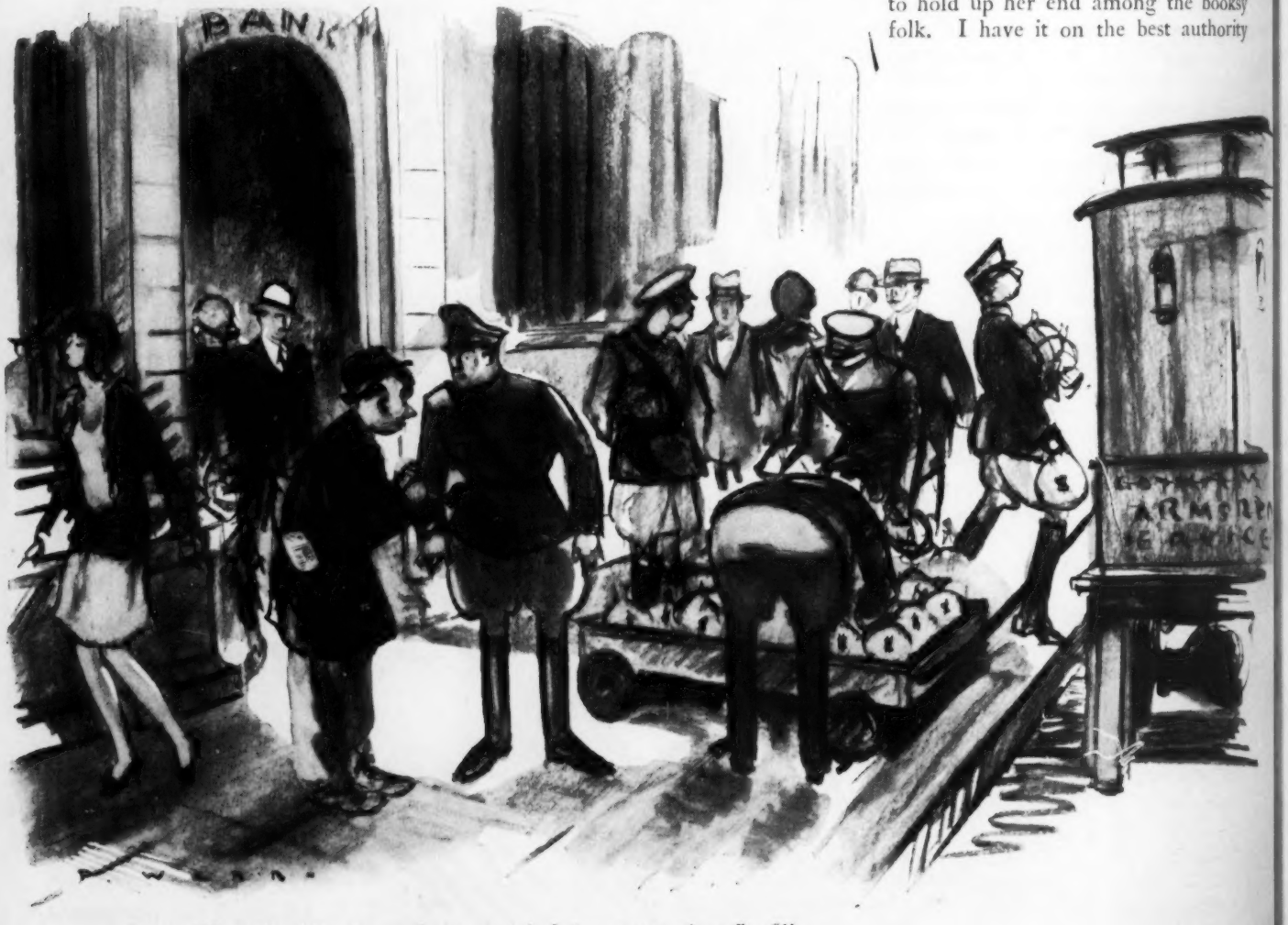
UNLESS one is to believe the press-agent versions, which Miss Damita refuses to confirm or deny, there is little to be told about her parentage, her early life, her rise to the heights. Officially, she was born in Paris in 1907. Others say she was born in Bordeaux and is two or three years older. Officially, her father was a commercial attaché, the son of an engineer associated with de Lesseps at Panama. Actually, little is known about him save that his name was Carré.

Biographical data which flooded the country when Lily landed told of schooling in a Portuguese convent, of "a first public appearance at the age of five," of taking ballet lessons at thirteen. Another blurb stated that she had toured the Continent with her mother, a Mme. Carré who was in Hollywood during Lily's first few months and then vanished. All Miss Damita will concede is that her name is really Carré, that she was understudy to Mistinguett of the beautiful legs, and then a star in her own right at the Casino de Paris. It is known that she acted in a number of French and German films, most of them very bad. It is authenticated that Miss Damita knows the King of Spain.

"In Spain," she says, "I am well-known. When I walk, the people they fight with the police. They tear my clothes and pull my hair. When I go back to the hotel I have no clothes. Oh, that is not nice."

As for the rest, it is "nobodee's damn business."

It was Miss Damita's unflagging energy, never needing the stimulus of California champagne, which caused eyebrow-lifting among the Hollywood *haut monde*. She found a fellow spirit in Marion Davies, who is still her best friend, but most of the movie girls watched her with a wary eye. Lily's zest for the mere fact of living brought men flocking. She had the great Chaplin at her heels in a few weeks, and it was whispered that she could annex any man at will. She doubtless can, but American men have not the skill to cope with so vibrant a personality. They yearned for Lily, but they soon drifted away. When this became apparent, more doors swung open. She became a familiar figure at the huge, noisy parties where the stars discuss their latest pictures and wonder whether elocution teachers can actually do such marvellous things with the human voice. Lily likes parties, and noise. Now that she has momentarily abandoned Hollywood to appear in a musical show, she is advised that "the parties are not the same without me." She is also gratified, on the other hand, that she knows many of the truly smart people of Paris and New York. She is invited to dinners of the Long Island polo crowd. She knows enough about current letters, although she rarely reads, to hold up her end among the booksy folk. I have it on the best authority




*"Say, buddy, how about a nickel fer a cup o' coffee?"*

that she can discuss the significance of Marcel Proust.

LILY DAMITA is pure motion. On the screen, save in the ill-fated Conrad picture, she is eternally dashing about. Her acting is a blur of tossing curls, kicking legs, gesticulating arms, and some violent kissing. Her future might have been somewhat doubtful, when it seemed unwise to have her continue as leading lady to Colman, had it not been for the coming of the talkies. Lily has an excellent voice, and can sing quite well. Her accent will make it possible for her to play almost any kind of "foreign part," for the movie barons do not differentiate among French, German, Viennese, or Turkish accents. She dances admirably. Now her reputation is definitely established because of her work in "The Cock Eyed World," the year's greatest box-office sensation.

At the moment she is elated over the prospect of playing on Broadway in "Carry On," where she will cavort as a French demoiselle while Jack Donahue is a sort of a doughboy. Hollywood, she confesses, is rather provincial. On the Coast they do nothing but talk about films, and Miss Damita likes variety. She conserves her energy by going to sleep when she feels like it, whether at a reception or on a yachting party given in her honor. Thus she is able and willing to accept any invitation and go any place where there is prospect of fun. If there is no fun, Lily goes home. In Detroit during her personal-appearance tour, she spent hours amid the din of the Ford plant and left with half a ton of spare parts as souvenirs. That night she was having dinner at the hotel with her Goldwyn office escort. Two young automobile engineers whom she had met during the day approached the table. They were having a small party at their apartment, they said. Would Miss Damita come? The escort kicked her gently under the table. He was weary and his mind dwelt on sleep. Lily, however, smiled her dazzling smile. A party? Sure!

In due time she was at the apartment, but the young engineers were vastly disappointing. One of them informed her that "a ten-thousand-unit-per-day increase in production" would do so and so for the plant. It depended, warned the other, on the overhead. Lily rose; clutching her fur wrap around her.

"Come," she told her escort. "We go." — HENRY F. PRINGLE

*"President Hoover, Miss Anne Morgan, Mayor Walker, and Rabindranath Tagore each express keen disappointment at being unable to speak for us this evening, although heartily endorsing our little society."*

•

## SUSCEPTIBLE SPIRITS

*The Reactions of Sensitive Souls to Spiritual Shocks, as Recorded in Recent News Dispatches*

| THE LOCALE | THE SHOCKED | THE SHOCK | THE REACTION |
|---|---|---|---|
| Riga, Latvia | Soviet Council | Manufacture of toilet soap imprinted with late Czar's picture | Arrested the factory manager. |
| Chicago | Linesmen's Association | A portrait called "The Linesman," showing ragged, dejected figure, hung by Chicago Art Institute | Protested against picture winning a prize, because it reflected on the profession. |
| Ryehope, England | Rev. P. Knight | Artificial legs with silk hose displayed in shop window | Bought entire exhibit and burned it. |
| Washington | Mrs. Federline | Being taken out by husband for first time in thirty years | Sued for divorce. |

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

## THE HOME FRONT

I HAVE always believed that a man ought to see America first. All this dashing off to Europe isn't going to make better citizens of us. As for myself, I count among my happiest memories the years in which I did not leave the country.

There was the long period 1893–1915. By staying home in those twenty-two years I managed never to know the Paris of before the war, which I count as a supreme advantage to any human being who has the luck to see Paris at any time after the war. I never saw the Bois full of tallyhos, and if Maxim's, when I dined there, seemed a dull place, at least it wasn't haunted by ghosts of the past. (I suspect they are pretty sad at that, but the point for me was that I didn't care.)

In the same period I missed the spectacle of manly Britons and nervous Frenchmen carrying little mesh-bags to keep their gold sovereigns and napoleons in. When I got to Europe it was on a paper-money basis—cheap and dirty, but very convenient.

I missed the Parisians being discourteous to Eleanora Duse. I also missed Russian grand dukes until they began to pretend to be chauffeurs. I missed the militarist spirit in Germany. Probably all the best years of my life were made best by the circumstance that I didn't have to spend any part of them in the Place Pigalle.

And my happiest Easter Weeks were not spent in Seville.

Except for a few months during the war, I escaped entirely the illusion in London that a few American expatriates represented all that was best and noblest in America. I experienced, however, the triumph of the Britons when, for a few hours, they knew that Wilson had been defeated and that Hughes would declare war, on their side, the day he was inaugurated. I missed the French and German reactions to "too proud to fight."

The embarrassing prominence of certain American actors and actresses in London and Paris did not touch me —I was in America, where they were known as second-raters.

I missed the *furor Britannicus* when Roosevelt told them how to run Egypt. I missed all the rumored visits of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince to the gay spots of Paris. I was never in a pogrom. I took no part in the dada riots at the funeral of Anatole France. I failed to read several thousand issues of *La Vie Parisienne*. *Punch*, on the other hand, I have read since childhood.

I did not observe the spectacle of Lloyd George assuring his countrymen that he would make England a home for heroes and would hang the Kaiser—in the election which followed the armistice. I only vaguely heard of the rioting against Wilson in Italy and did not see street names changed from Via Woodrow Wilson to Via Fiume. I lived without ever seeing d'Annunzio.

EVEN in more recent times, my absences from Europe have given me peculiar pleasure. I have participated in no tourist trips through Soviet Russia. The regularity of the Italian railroads has not impressed me for more than a week of the Fascist régime. I experienced none of the humor which in England identified the initials of Uncle Sam with Uncle Shylock. I missed the periodical activities by which Prefect of Police Chiappe cleans up Montmartre. I missed Montmartre. Especially Le Lapin Agile, except for fifteen minutes, which isn't so ghastly in comparison with a long and happy life.

I witnessed the French occupation of the Ruhr, but escaped all the handshaking over the Dawes Plan. I never saw an English hunt. I have probably escaped thousands of European oysters, the rusty green kind. I haven't tasted ice-cream sodas in foreign lands. When I was in Edinburgh, Scots hadn't learned to chew gum. I missed the four years during which it was considered witty and correct to refer to the heir to the British throne as "the Pragger-Wagger" as a variation of Prince of Wales. I missed the season during which London nuts ended sentences with three "whats" instead of with two "whats" and one "I mean to say." I saw none of the German performances of "Potash and Perlmutter," "It Pays to Advertise," and the plays of Eugene O'Neill. Except for ten days, I have had to eat no Spanish cooking. I missed some of the less good years of the Burgundy wines.

I kept away from four or five Olympic Games, a half-dozen coronations and royal weddings, and some fifty World's Fairs. As the last includes the one at Barcelona, I rest content.

—GILBERT SELDES

*"Now, young man, tell me all your experiences."*

## PROVEN FIELD

His was a mind
Aptly reasoned.
His was a heart
Grown and seasoned,
Boulder-walled.
He was a field
Giving a calculated
Yield.

The hungry ones
Were scarcely fed,
The curious garnered
Thorn instead.
A scant few feasted
On the sound
Of laughter running
Underground.

—FRANCES M. FROST

*"I suppose they no spikka much English in your country, eh, Count?"*

## HALLOWEEN PARTY

I ASKED the ladies to attend this meeting this afternoon because they have as much right if not more to hear what I have to say as any of the men folks in Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated. I always had the opinion that when it came to an office get-together, why the ladies should share in the plans and everything and not be left out of things. Sometimes, of course, F. W. didn't agree with me and of course whatever F. W. says goes. And why shouldn't it? A fine boss like that.

Well, F. W. called me in the office the other day and I thought it was just routine business or maybe something special like he's always calling me in the office for. But when I got there I knew such wasn't the case. There he was, all smiles when I came in and I knew something was going on in that old head. I smiled back and said, "Well, what is it, F. W.?" And he said he guessed he couldn't fool me and keep a secret.

Well, it seems he's been thinking that it's two years now since we had our last Halloween party. He remarked to me what a good time we all had at the last one. Not an unpleasant incident to mar the entire evening like the picnic three years ago when Miss Engel drowned. But as I was saying, he thought we ought to have another Halloween party and he asked me to take charge of the general arrangement committee and make the plans.

The time is so short that I thought it would be a good idea to get going right away without any delay. So I wrote to a couple papers and asked them to send me a list of new original games for Halloween. Of course, there'll be the old favorites. I mean such as having a tub full of water and apples floating on it, but I thought it would be nice to have some others, too. There's always some people — especially you ladies—that don't like to indulge in ducking for apples, on account of wearing beautiful costumes. And I feel pretty sure that Mr. Cleary will be wearing some kind of a costume like King Arthur or a sheik or some other expensive get-out that he wouldn't want ruined. So I'm waiting to hear from the newspapers that I wrote to.

BUT there are so many other things. Prizes, for instance. We're going to have all sorts of prizes. Oh, I almost forgot. Every young lady can bring a boy friend that isn't employed by Hagedorn & Brownmiller if she likes and every young man can bring a young lady from outside the office, too. It's going to be in the shipping department so we'll have lots of room and the more the merrier. F. W. said the married folks will have to bring their own husbands and wives. He had a twinkle in his eye when he said it.

But there'll be prizes for the funniest costume and the most beautiful and the most attractive married couple and the most attractive unmarried couple. And a lot of others that we haven't decided on. Oh yes. Female impersonator. I don't see how I could forget that, remembering Mr. Elgin's costume a couple of years ago when he came dressed as a lady. Certainly was realistic. Of course, now that Mr. Elgin is out of the paint-and-varnish game he won't be here this year, but I guess we'll scare up some other.

F. W. and I think it would be a novel idea to leave the decorations up to the ladies this year. I think that's a good idea because no matter how artistic a man's leanings are he still hasn't got the feminine touch. So I'll appoint Mrs. Robertson in charge of that committee and she can consult with me about expenses. F. W. said he would provide all expenses, of course.

I had a little talk with Mr. Cleary before the meeting and he very kindly agreed to go out to the country and get some pumpkins. He has that Chrysler touring his father gave him so it will be more convenient for him than it might be for some of the others. So that will be taken care of. Mr. Cleary will at the same time get cornstalks, of course.

F. W. said he's getting so used to winking at the prohibition law at office parties that he guessed I might as well tell you he'll provide applejack for punch. Sweet cider for the ladies that don't care to indulge, but they were few and far between at the last half a dozen office parties we had.

WELL, the ones that I mentioned will please wait after the meeting for details and the rest of you are excused. Tuesday, the twenty-ninth, is the date, in case you want to make plans ahead of time. But if you have another date for that night—why, try to arrange it so you can be here for a while anyway. After all, when you have a corking boss like F. W. that likes to see the employees have a good time, you have to show appreciation.

—JOHN O'HARA

*"Hullo, is that Townsend, Townsend, Townsend, and Townsend?"*
*"Yes."*
*"Well, this is Townsend."*

•

## THE EMERALD

The brave heart, though dismayed
And crushed like winter grass,
Will let no moment pass,
Will never be gainsaid.

Better to love the austere,
The proud, than water or sand—
To love, if not to understand—
To hold the unyielding dear.

Better to love the strong, the walled,
The unattainable emerald shut
In stone that never may be cut
Nor broken but into emerald.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN

# A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—III

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR PAUSES IN THE STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES ON A STRANGE PLANET FOR A BRIEF STUDY OF ITS STILL STRANGER PEOPLE

IN the hope of illuminating such happenings already related as may seem to the reader inexplicable, and with a view, too, to making more credible the astounding events which I have yet to narrate, I shall set down here a few general observations concerning the inhabitants and the institutions of the country.

To begin with, the reader must never forget for an instant that in Purilia there is the widest possible disparity between appearance and actualities. While Purilia, as I have already stated, bears in its external aspects a most startling resemblance to our own world, its essential characteristics are totally at variance with the realities of mundane life.

Architecturally and topographically, Purilian town and countryside are almost indistinguishable from their earthly counterparts. In physical appearance and in dress, the Purilians evidence many points of amazing resemblance to human beings. Even their language is a variant of our own English tongue. These likenesses, however, are merely superficial. One cannot spend even an hour in the country without a keen realization that one is in a world which is the very antithesis of ours, a world dominated by alien immutable laws which transvalue all earthly values and create patterns unknown to the realm of terrestrial men and women.

From the first I was astonished by the apparent absence in Purilia of that intricate machinery of organized industrial production which in our own civilization confronts us at every turn. Although possessing all the outward evidences of an intensively industrialized civilization, the country is literally almost without industries. What little mining there is, for example, is confined almost entirely to the unearthing of precious metals. Again, large manufacturing plants are practically nonexistent and, indeed, the few scattered mines and workshops serve not so much as industrial tools but rather as convenient arenas for the emotional conflicts of their occupants.

The result of all this is that Purilia is happily free from all those disturbing social concomitants of large-scale industry which beset our less fortunate planet. Not only is there none of those bitter and protracted conflicts between the employers and the employed which periodically convulse our own social structure and bring misery and suffering to many thousands, but there is, properly speaking, no working class: no great social group absorbed in the necessitous business of keeping body and soul together. One does, it is true, occasionally meet a worker. But these workers are almost invariably young and beautiful girls as yet untouched by the ravages of industrialism and usually destined to escape from the industrial world, at an early age, by contracting a marriage with a young and handsome man of wealth. Of the great, gray, plodding army of working men and women which forms so large and important a part of our population, there is no sign in Purilia. Poverty, it is true, exists; but it is a kind of poetic—almost idyllic—poverty, which ennobles and dignifies those who experience it.

At the other end of the industrial scale, one encounters great magnates who have amassed fabulous wealth, in one or another form of industrial activity, but the exact nature of their operations I never quite succeeded in understanding. In my numerous encounters with these men of affairs I always found them engaged in the furtherance or hindrance of some romantic alliance to the complete neglect of their gigantic industrial enterprises. Now and then I did find one of them im-

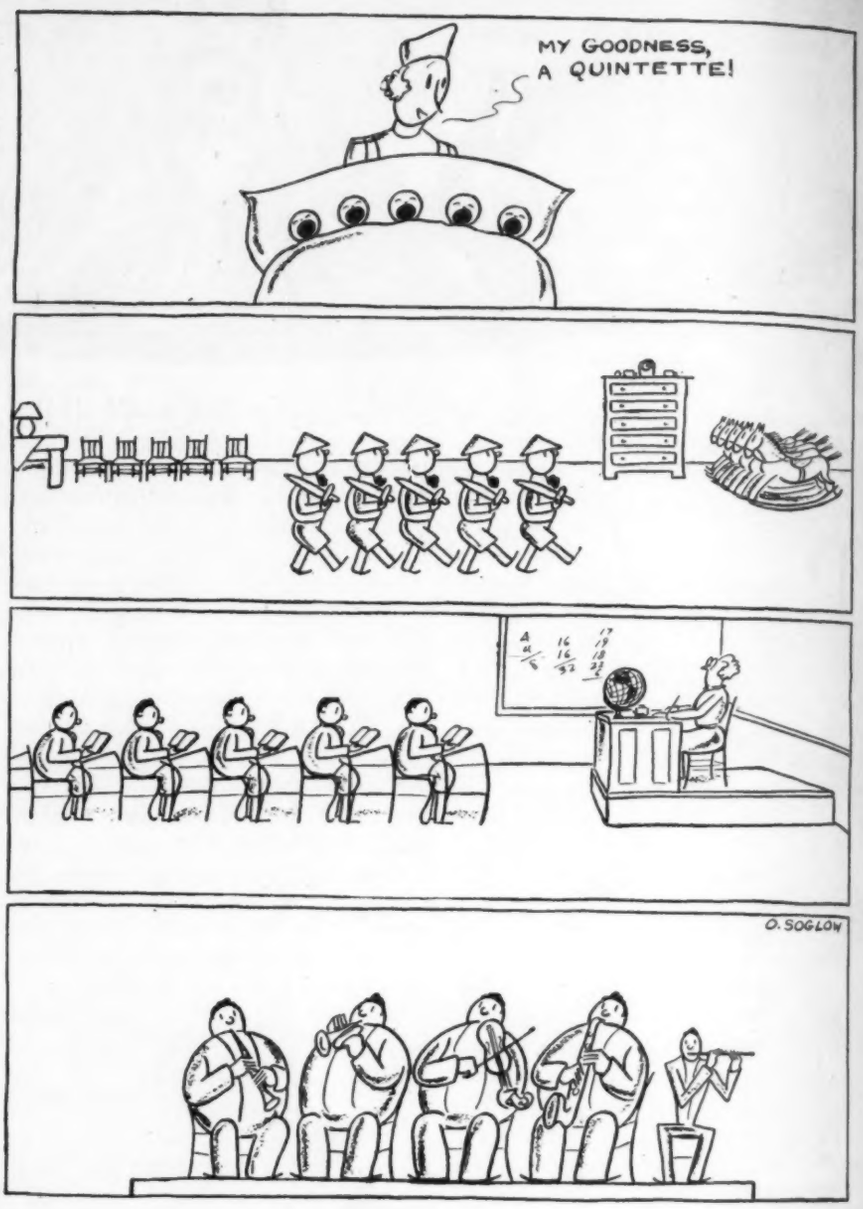
mersed in some incomprehensible but palpably fraudulent plot (or "deal," as these intrigues are called in Purilia) which always seemed to me quite incompatible with their position in the community and which bore no discernible relation to industry as it is known to us.

What is true of the industrial life of Purilia is true also of its political life. There are vague external evidences of the existence of governmental agencies, but these too are mere appearances; actually the country is without political institutions. Occasionally one does meet an administrative officer; but these "Governors," as they are called, have no other duty than the consideration of pleas for mercy in behalf of prisoners who have been condemned to death.

In matters of religion the Purilians are a devout, but not a bigoted, people. Agnosticism and religious persecution are equally unknown. There are complete religious liberty and tolerance, unmarred by those distressing evidences of sectarianism which are forever cropping out upon our planet. Although one occasionally comes upon some pious person engaged in his devotions, the subject is never discussed, nor does it play any part in relationships between individuals.

Racial problems are happily absent, too. I do not mean that racial differences do not exist in Purilia, but merely that they do not create any of those ugly and distressing situations, amounting sometimes to actual conflict, of which we humans are only too well aware. Such racial difficulties as one finds in Purilia are military rather than social and are the result of occasional insurrections on the part of one or another of the dark-skinned races against the generally recognized and established supremacy of the whites. But these insurrections are always put down, promptly and expeditiously, a small body of whites usually being able to put great numbers of dark-skinned rebels to speedy rout.

BY now, I am sure, the reader conceives Purilia as something of a Utopia and looks, perhaps, with envy upon the happy state of the Purilians, unperplexed and unharassed as they are by the confusing maladjustments which often make our terrestrial life well-nigh unbearable. Despite all this, I am by no means certain that a human being could live and thrive upon the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]




## STRIKES À L'ITALIENNE

IT is a pity, I think, that Mussolini has forbidden strikes. It is certainly Italy's loss. I feel strongly about it. Benito and I have always agreed on most things, but when he prohibited strikes we definitely broke with one another. I have never seen him since, though of course I take an interest in his career and follow what he is doing from the papers.

You see, Italian strikes were such fun. They were rarely about anything serious; they were never seriously conducted; they started in a flash and finished in another. They had as much relation to accompanying conditions as a violent emotional outburst between two Italian gentlemen has to the fact that they are wondering whether a clock is one minute slow or fast. And they provided humor—a commodity in which under the rule of Benito—in spite of our estrangement I still think of him as Benito—Italy is slowly becoming deficient.

For instance, I remember a tram strike in Rome. Not a strike of all the tramway employees. It was a strike of *one* tram—taking a tram, that is, as a self-contained unit with driver, conductor, and passengers. None of the other trams struck; there was nothing wrong with the machinery or the electrical supply; it was just a pleasant private strike. And what it was all about I don't know to this day.

I have a suspicion it was to do with a passenger we had just picked up. Perhaps he was a Socialist or an Austrian or a member of the Anti-Polenta League or an agent of the Mafia. Anyway first the passengers got very excited and then the conductor got very excited and decided to tell the driver.

He got so excited that he lost his head and, scorning either the usual signal or the passage through the tram to the driver's platform, got out at the back and ran alongside his own tram till he caught up with the front, where he shouted his piece to the driver.

The driver bristled till his long black mustaches stood at ten to two, rang his bell and stopped the tram. He then came through and made a speech to the passengers. A fat passenger made a speech in return and a tram came up behind. The conductor then made a speech and worked his audience up to a great frenzy. During this another tram came up behind; and one from the opposite direction came alongside and also stopped while its driver made a short, and to those, unlike myself, who could understand the language, extremely witty speech. Our driver then delivered himself of a masterpiece and all the passengers (except myself) got off, muttering darkly, and congregated in a café on the pavement.

I was left in solitary state and in a motionless tram. I felt conspicuous. More, I *was* conspicuous. What with the trams behind me and the trams beside me and the people on the pavement I felt I was holding up all Rome. At last, after more speeches—one made by a policeman—all the passengers except five returned; a formal vote of confidence in the driver was proposed, seconded, and carried, and we resumed. I still wish I knew what it was all about.

THEN I remember a strike of passengers in a railway compartment about the rude behavior of a ticket collector. They refused to show their tickets, to get out, to do anything. Half refused to speak; the other half refused to stop speaking. Arbitration by the stationmaster himself (or it may have been a cavalry general) put that right.

And there was a strike of museum officials over the ignorance of one of their number on the subject of Imperial Roman sculpture. It lasted one day, four hours, and ten minutes.

But the best strike I ever knew was that of the waiters of a small café just off the Corso. They had complained, apparently, about the paucity of the tips received, and pointed out to the proprietor that it was because he allowed customers to sit for as long as two hours on the strength of only one order. The proprietor, anxious for custom, refused to change his rule, and when a waiter ventured, by methods known to waiters, to suggest to a client that he should depart, the offender was dismissed. The other waiters at once struck—waiting with true business instinct till they had collected their pay that evening. They demanded the reinstatement of the victim and abolition of the Two-Hours-Per-Order Rule.

"Otherwise," they said, "we are on strike. For ever and for Italy!"

"Very well," said the proprietor. "Stay struck. You're fired. Oppitt-a outa here!" And that night he engaged another squad of waiters.

NEXT day, however, as soon as his café opened, a crowd descended and sat down, two to a table, filling the place completely. The crowd consisted of the ex-waiters and sympathetic friends. The proprietor was furious and tried to drive them off, but they said—through several spokesmen—that they were now, thanks to his action, members of the public, sane and sober, and he could not turn them away. They then ordered one small coffee apiece.

Over this they sat reading papers, calling for writing materials, and playing draughts, and no genuine customer could get a place. The proprietor watched the clock in a fever of anxiety, and as soon as their two hours were up he ordered them off. He had not, however, seen the full implication of the attack, for they merely smiled and each ordered another small coffee. They all took sugar too.

The proprietor nearly had heart-attack, but even the summoning of a policeman at the end of the next two hours only resulted in aggrieved explanations and further coffee all round.

They stayed there all day, having thoughtfully provided themselves with food. When they paid they left no tips, at which there was nearly a riot. Half the new waiters left that evening and were with difficulty replaced.

The next morning the same customers turned up again, and the other half of the first day's waiters left there and then. The proprietor held out three days, but you cannot run a café by selling small cups of coffee every two hours. Besides, the reputation of the place had got about and the only waiters he now saw any likelihood of being able to engage for his café, on whatever lines he ran it, were his old staff. So he abolished his two-hour rule, kicked them out as customers, and after ten minutes re-engaged them as waiters.

O, Benito, *why* did you stop strikes in Italy? —A. A.

•

ST. LAWRENCE CANAL RIDICULED BY FISH—*Headline in the Times.*

Probably because they fail to understand it.

•

*"Gee, what a swell time they must be havin' at the Ambassador Grill."*

# THE THEATRE

## FALL OPENINGS

ALL right, everybody, the lid is off! Bring on the dancing girls and see what the boys in the back room will have! Walter Hampden has gone harlequinade! Whoop—(*with very distinct enunciation and high abandon*)-ee!

Not since they fed sherry to one of the larger camels up in Central Park has there been such a five-ton romp. Mr. Hampden has now not only indulged his harmless passion for dressing up in doublet and hose, but he has dressed up roguish. He is a rascal. He and Dean Inge of St. Paul's. He has placed himself in Benavente's "The Bonds of Interest," which, at best, was such a dismal bit of puppetry that even the Theatre Guild couldn't make a go of it, and has surrounded himself with a cast of high-spirited Columbines and Polichinelles who barge through the whimsey like a tank-corps, with the result that harlequinade, always the dreariest form of human entertainment, reaches its farthest point south and there plants the American flag. It is no small feat to have beaten the Old Country at its own game.

ANOTHER one of those London importations, "The Middle Watch," steamed into port last week and turned out to have on board a cargo of lettuce. A farce of very moderate merit, by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, it deals with the attempts of the officers of a British cruiser to conceal from the Admiral the presence of two young lady stowaways. Looming large among its equipment of fun are pajamas, a set of false teeth in a glass of water, and the sound of snoring, at first thought to be a lady's.

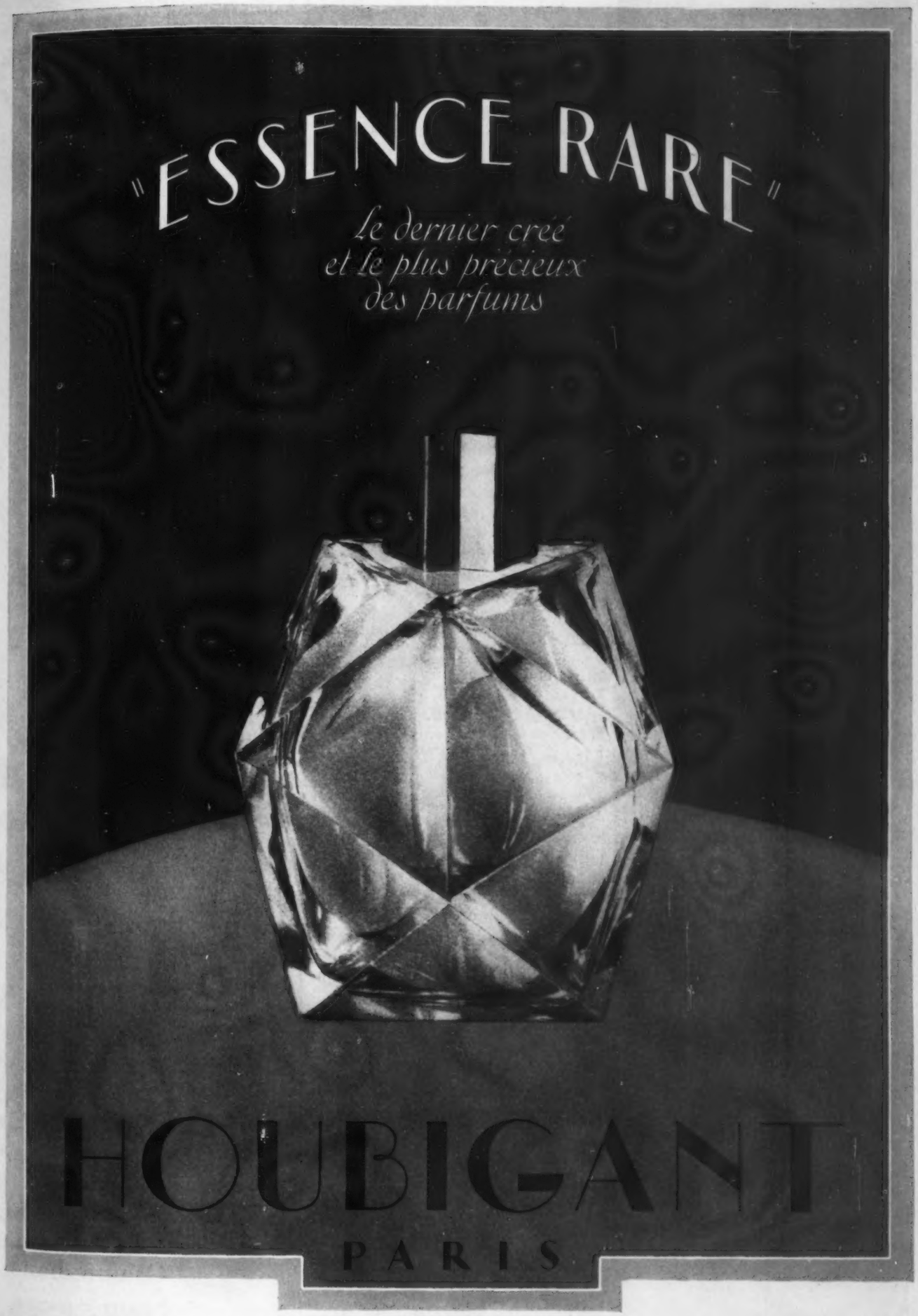
Fortunately for the general tone of the play, the cast includes that noble actor Fred Kerr, whose mirthless laugh and noiseless snarl make the character of the Admiral something to build an entire performance around. As the action wears on, and our coarse American tympani become accustomed to the elegant but rather incoherent sound made by the English when ostensibly speaking, "The Middle Watch" becomes a little more bearable as entertainment. During the first act I thought I had never seen anything so badly done, at least in any of our larger theatres. It later turned out to be not quite so bad, especially as Mr. Kerr appeared oftener and one of the other characters was shut up for an act and a half in the gyro-compass room.

Americans will be interested in seeing, on their home grounds, a typical example of what English playwrights like to present as a typical American girl. Miss Abbott has the misfortune to have to repeat bits of slang garnered from old bound volumes of *Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang* and, in general, to behave like what used to be known as a "hoyden." Perhaps, however, the British authors are not to blame. They may take their American types from the musical comedies we send over to London. Somebody ought to tell them.

"JUNE MOON"

*A peep into the making of the nation's songs, by means of Messrs. Lardner and Kaufman's hilarious comedy, discloses (on the left) Mr. Harry Rosenthal, hitherto known for his soulful direction of orchestras but now actor par excellence, and Norman Foster, as the young hit-and-run song-writer.*

THE latest group of organized theatre-goers, the New York Theatre Assembly, sets itself no more exalted an aim than to "present amusing plays before a selective audience." As the "selective audience" at the opening of "Lolly," its first ven-

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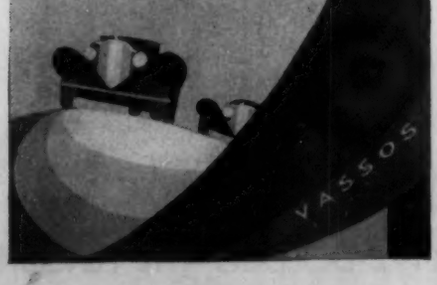



ture, seemed definitely to be amused, the future should look very rosy to Mr. Walter Greenough, the director. There ought to be no shortage of plays as amusing as "Lolly."

This is not by way of saying that "Lolly" is bad. It was written by Fanny Heaslip Lea and has the earmarks of an intelligent mind at work on it. It also has Mary Young in it, again playing the kittenish, dancing mother and again playing it well. But it is a comedy which ought not to set too high a standard for the New York Theatre Assembly to maintain. It might even, by a great stroke of good luck, be surpassed.

UP until now the reviving of old musical comedies has been a rather dispiriting occupation. The musical comedies themselves do not seem to bear exhumation so very well and, probably for that reason, the revivers have not seen fit to sink much money in the productions. But the resuscitators of "Mlle. Modiste" were smart enough to get Fritzi Scheff back into the show and to engage a good platoon of dancers, and enough Victor Herbert and Fritzi Scheff lovers have come out of their armchairs to make it worth while to extend a two weeks' run to "a limited engagement" at another theatre.

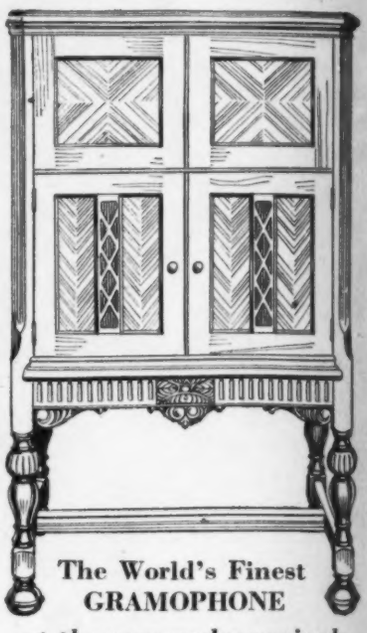
Of course, the book to "Mlle. Modiste" was never any great shakes. Even as a schoolboy (rather an old schoolboy, but I was kept out of school a lot by illness) I didn't laugh much at it, and I was pretty easy to make laugh as a schoolboy. I even remember disliking the bass solo "I Want What I Want When I Want It," the first of many bass solos that I was to dislike in later years. But the other afternoon when I dropped in for a patronizing view of "Mlle. Modiste," I found myself not only liking that number and marvelling at Fritzi Scheff's ability to make "Kiss Me Again" seem like a new song after all these years of being played "by request" by hotel orchestras, but actually experiencing a slight emotional *crise* when she came on with the little drum. I may even go again and take some of my cronies from the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

WHEN it was announced that Alexander Woollcott had written a play (naturally with George S. Kaufman. Everybody has to write his play with George S. Kaufman or the State will not license it) there was great rejoicing along Broadway. Here would be a chance for the playwrights

*The* GRAMOPHONE SHOP *Offers*

*the marvelous new*

COLUMBIA KOLSTER ELECTRIC PICK-UP PHONOGRAPH



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# SEES DANGER IN PACE OF MODERN LIVING

## Sluggish Intestines Kept Poison-free by this Remarkable Fresh Food, says "Wonder Surgeon"

DR. ALBERTO CATALINA

ASTOUNDING feats of surgery early won for Dr. Catalina, 33-year-old Spanish surgeon, the applause of the European medical profession. He is a specialist in digestive diseases. He says:

"The strain and complexity of modern living often lead to neglect of the important function of elimination, and the habit of constipation is formed.

"To combat constipation and related troubles—faulty nutrition, skin diseases, general debility—we have a highly effective remedy—yeast. It has a stimulating action in the digestive tract, and keeps the system free from a great deal of poison.

"When irradiated by ultra-violet rays, fresh yeast also contains large quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, which aids the assimilation of bone- and tooth-hardening phosphorus and lime."

The laxative, purifying power of the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, comes from the millions of *living* yeast plants every cake releases in your intestines.

These tiny active plants soften the clogging body wastes, stimulate bowel muscles, check the poisons. Your appetite and digestion quicken. Complexion troubles clear up. Colds and sore throats become less frequent, less severe.

And now the "sunshine" vitamin D created in the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast by "irradiation" brings you the added health protection of sunshine itself—its mysterious power to build firm muscles and sound bones and teeth.

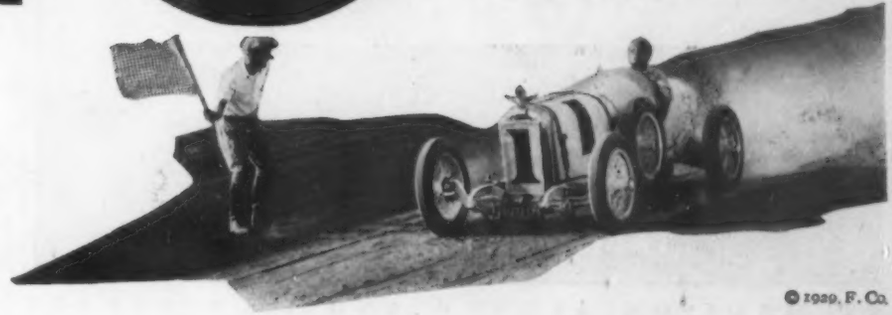
Start today! Eat 3 cakes daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-109 The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N. Y. C.

(*Above*) BROAD AND WALL STREETS, New York. Here, as in hundreds of cities and towns, people are daily driven to neglect one important health measure . . . To banish constipation and its ills thousands eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily. *All* Fleischmann's Yeast—in the foil wrapper—now contains vitamins B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. As effective as ever for baking.

ON THE AIR—Fleischmann's Yeast Radio Hour! Thursday evenings — 47 associated N. B. C. stations.

(*Left*) "A BUSINESS CAREER is interesting," writes Letty Corren of Brooklyn. "But my health gave way. I had continual indigestion and finally had to give up my job. I was persuaded to try Fleischmann's Yeast and in an amazingly short time I was healthy and happy again. But I did not go back to my job—I got married!"

(*Below*) "MY YEARS OF AMATEUR RACING ended when I entered a law office," writes Malcolm Clair of Hollywood, Calif. "I became constipated, 'logy.' Yeast benefited my constipation and gave me more pep."



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Pour cette semaine je propose...

*This week the Sherry chef suggests many delicious comestibles for private tables... including a menu for early-in-the-season luncheons.*

**BREAKFAST NECESSITIES**

**FRESH FRUITS . . . luscious, imported Persian melons now in season . . . Criss-Cross California melons and Casabas. Priced to size.**

**FRENCH BLOSSOM HONEY ...this importation is a favorite with Sherry patrons...40c the individual size jar; $1.50 the pound jar.**

**FRESH EGGS... selected white Leghorns . . . the Louis Sherry stamp guaranteeing every egg... market prices.**

**BLACK CHERRY JAM in glass... Sherry approved import... choice Lenzbourg fruit in pure sugar... $1 the 17 oz. jar.**

**40% HEAVY CREAM... 50c the half-pint.**

**INFORMAL LUNCHEON SUGGESTION**

**GRAPEFRUIT . . . at market prices.**

**TOMATO BISQUE . . . freshly prepared, ready to heat and serve . . . $2 the quart (6 portions).**

**CREAMED CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS in croustade . . . white meat only . . . prepared in the Sherry kitchens . . . sent ready to place in croustades and serve . . . $1.75 the portion.**

**FRENCH PASTRY . . . 30c each.**

**SHERRY COFFEE . . . $1 the pound.**

**SHERRY CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINTS . . . $2 the pound.**

**FOR THE LARDER . . . . . .**

**STUFFED OLIVES in glass..."Bijou" assortment...large, round Queen olives from Spain... with almonds, hazelnuts, peppers and onions... $1.25 the 10 oz. jar; $1.90 the 18 oz. jar.**

**HOLLANDAISE SAUCE . . . prepared under Sherry chef supervision, with the finest French white wine vinegar and French olive oil . . . $1.50 the pint . . . $2.50 the quart.**

**PATÉ de FOIE GRAS...rich with flavor... exclusive Sherry-approved importation . . . 9 to 32 oz. sizes . . . $2.25, $3.50 and $7.50.**

**FRAISES GELÉES in glass... whole, selected Melba strawberries, brandied and jellied specially for Louis Sherry...$2 the 13 oz. jar.**

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Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

**AT MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET**


and actors—and critics—who were suffering from acid burns at Mr. Woollcott's hands to go bearing the richest and ripest raspberries that money could buy and shower them on the Little Corporeal and his play. There were also a great number of wise people about town who were prepared to be overcome with the wit and sparkle of such a play as could come only from the pen of their favorite wit and sparkler.

Oddly enough, "The Channel Road" left both camps in something of a daze. The host of ill-wishers certainly had nothing at which to return the vegetables which Mr. Woollcott had hurled at them, and the seekers after gems of dialogue were almost equally nonplused. For "The Channel Road" turned out to be just a good show with no pretensions except a mild leaning toward the literary, a straightforward piece of theatrical writing with moments of fineness and moments of pedestrian plodding (the latter due chiefly to several very pedestrian performances), a play which should certainly go on the list of everyone out for an intelligent evening's entertainment, but which never for one minute set itself up to be anything more. As a matter of fact, it was a very clever evasion on Mr. Woollcott's part of the responsibilities incurred during his terms as dramatic critic. He has satisfied his desire to write a play and has come out of it not only unbowed but with practically no blood showing.

Mr. Hopkins has both aided and hindered Messrs. Woollcott and Kaufman in the production of "The Channel Road." He has given them a fine German actor named Siegfried Rumann and just the right young lady for "Boule de Suif" in Miss Anne Forrest, but several of the minor rôles he seems to have left more or less to shift for themselves. Mr. Kaufman should always insist on directing his own plays, and all other playwrights should insist on his directing theirs.

It is perhaps not Mr. Woollcott's fault, then, that after all these years of

# HELEN MORGAN··A PERSONALITY

IF you were sitting on a hot white beach in some far corner of the blue Pacific, what half-forgotten memories of New York would wander through your mind?

Perhaps a glimpse of East River at night, from a window in old Beekman Place . . . a memory of children playing under the stream from the fireman's hose on a torrid August afternoon . . . the New York skyline gone fairy-tale through creeping banks of fog . . . Helen Morgan, in *Show Boat*, crooning a wistful song of far-off river days . . .

•

IN some quite subtle way Helen Morgan is the very essence of a New Yorker's New York—and yet she is timeless, as poignancy and melody are timeless.

And so much of this power of Helen Morgan's to touch the imagination lies in her *looks!* For from time immemorial a woman's loveliness—and especially the beauty of a woman's skin—has always been *most* important in her power to stir the memory.

And Helen Morgan, like so many of the stars of the famous Broadway successes, has long kept her skin in exquisite condition by using Lux Toilet Soap.

•

THE stars of the Broadway successes are constantly in the limelight—off the stage as well as on. Everywhere people turn to look at them—to judge whether they are really as lovely-looking as reported.

Knowing so well that there is no true attractiveness without the most charming skin, they long ago turned to Lux Toilet Soap—which Hollywood had already found kept the skin perfectly smooth and soft.

So enthusiastic are the famous stage stars about this daintily fragrant white soap that it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 79 legitimate theatres in New York alone—and by other leading theatres over the country.

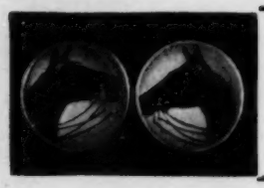
And in Hollywood, where 9 out of 10 screen stars use it, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for *their* dressing rooms.

If you aren't already one of the millions of women who are keeping their skin smooth and soft by using Lux Toilet Soap, get several cakes—today. Use it for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

HELEN MORGAN, *who has crooned her way into every New Yorker's imagination, has followed her success in* Show Boat, *both on Broadway and on the screen, with an equally brilliant success in* Sweet Adeline. *She has the very loveliest skin—and* keeps *it lovely. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is certainly a wonderfully satisfactory soap. It keeps my skin beautifully smooth and fine. And that is so important to a woman!"*

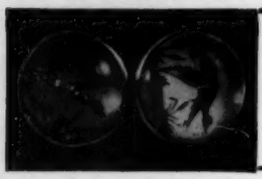
*For the dog fancier who wishes a permanent record of a cherished pet. $175*

## ENGLISH CRYSTAL



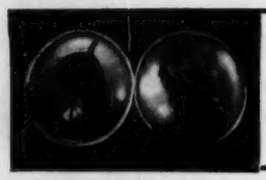
*For the lover of thoroughbred horses who desires a life-like replica of his favorite mount. $115*

## SPORTS JEWELRY



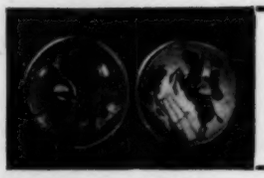
*For the duck hunter who cannot resist the lure of mallard and broadbill. $150*

**The aristocratic sportsman wears jewelry emphasizing his individual**



*For devotees of rod and creel who thrill to the fight of game fish. $150*

**hobby. He chooses English crystal cuff links and pins bearing carved**



*For the sportsman who loves the joys of the early morning hunt. $135*

**miniatures of his favorite pet or pastime. In form and color the re-**

*Hand carved monograms in many beautiful color combinations. $70*

**productions are amazingly life-like. Brand-Chatillon presents an unusual collection of these clever pieces for smart sports wear.**

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*Savoy Plaza*
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snarling at actors who do not pronounce "monsieur" correctly, he should have one in his very own play who calls it "moosure." It serves him right. It is a very difficult word to get pronounced correctly, and now he knows it.

ALMOST as much work was put in on "Great Day" as on the Panama Canal, and with nowhere near as much to show for it. Mr. Youmans' musical comedy had had so much advance publicity, had been tinkered with so much and postponed so often (all summer this thing has been going on) that we all got a little jittery whenever the name was mentioned, and local wisecrackers began referring to it as "Great Day-after-Tomorrow" and "Great Delay." This was a pretty tough handicap to bring a show in under, and without it "Great Day" would have seemed like just a good musical show with some nice music. That is really what it is. There are the Jubilee Singers and there is Miss Mayo Methot singing "More Than You Know" very nicely and, all in all, if Mr. Youmans had changed the name and brought it in as a new show nobody would have minded it at all.

"THE NUT FARM" comes to us fresh from a triumphant Chicago run. After seeing it, one can perhaps understand why most *good* shows fail in Chicago. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

### VINOUS

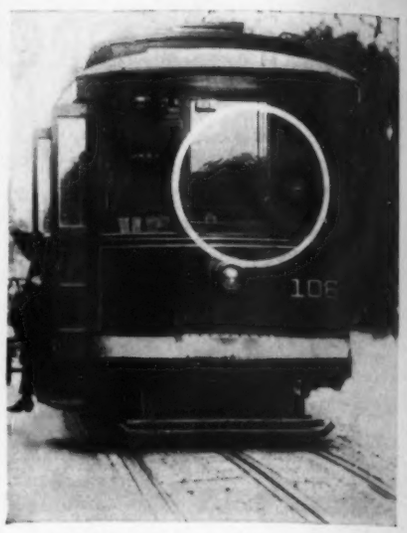
Gabble, gabble, gabble, starlings,
Guzzling gory grapes!—
What a stream of jolly comment,
Voices without shapes
Beaking out behind the arras
Soft little snacks;
Not the bald cachinnation
Of crickets in cracks.

—DOROTHY LEONARD

•

Doesn't your imagination spark at the significance of this new form of transportation that can carry passengers and cargo faster than the wind, in safety and relaxation? Is it not of the utmost importance to the commerce and industry of the nation that it is already perfectly feasible for a business man to leave New York at the same time his partner leaves Los Angeles, and meet for a conference in Kansas City in a matter of hours rather than of days?—*Ford airplane adv. in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Tell us what they say when they meet, and we'll let you know.

Exclusive news photo of Aloysius Tweetle
(Circle indicates Aloysius)

## "I Suffered from Lighter's Cramp"

*—writes Tweetle*

### Famous Guest Conductor Lays Recovery To Automatch

"For years I suffered terribly from lighter's cramp. I could blow on my piccolo all right, but my fingers just curled up on me. At my doctor's suggestion, I threw away my 7 odd new-fangled lighters and took to rubbing two sticks together. But now—thanks to my Automatch, I can once more wiggle my fingers and play hot tunes on my piccolo."

We are proud of having helped Aloysius Tweetle regain his former skill on the piccolo. The secret lies in the fact that Automatch hasn't a solitary gadget on the outside to wear down your fingers and ruin your temper. And Automatch lights *every* time. In addition, there's a wick that never wears out, an automatic flint-replacement signal and Energine is the only fuel required. Automatch is entirely different from any other lighter.

Smart, trim, covered with genuine reptile skins, Automatch sells for $5.00 at leading department stores, jewelry stores, drug stores and specialty shops. Automatch Corporation, 267 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**AUTOMATCH**
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The* NEW *and* DIFFERENT *Lighter*

## PAVEMENT PANTOMIME

Behold the hailers of the bus
Making quaint or querulous,
Daft, demure, and debonair
Gesticulation in the air.
Here with mincing grace a wrist
Archly droops, and there a fist
Shakes its seeming threat in vain;
Next a gallant points his cane.
A single finger lifted high
Has all of Munyon's majesty.
Another military hand
Napoleonic in command
Signals "Stop." A lady's fingers
Flutter coyly where she lingers
Tremulously by the brink
Of toiling traffic. Like a wink,
Insinuating, roguish, sly,
A wagging index takes the eye.
Languid waving seems to tell
A legendary lost farewell
And raised in horror or alarm
Two hands are held. A curving
arm
With the rhythmic elegance
Of an uncompleted dance
Is poised above a tilted head.
Palms imploring are outspread
Or bent in eager beckonings.
Fair hands or foul, hands
flashing rings—
Stranger frieze than ever shone
On the fabled Parthenon
Is this ludicrous, sublime,
Endless pavement pantomime.

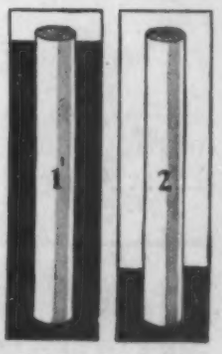
—JEAN BATCHELOR

•

The prisoners were William Rice, 33 years old, committed two and a half years ago after being arrested for robbery in Brooklyn; William Murphy, 31, committed six months ago after an extortion charge in the Bronx, and Joseph Perenni, 28, a former Sing Sing convict, committed two years ago after a murder in New York. . . . Dr. Kieb was much put out over what was termed the negligence of the electricians. He said the fugitives were not particularly vicious.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Just sort of mischievous.

# Why don't cigarettes always taste the same?




1—A cigarette from the Rumidor is fresh, mellow and full of flavor . . . it is rumid . . . 100% moist and in perfect condition for smoking.

2—This represents the average of twelve cigarettes, purchased at random. They are NOT in condition for smoking. Only 15% moist . . . not rumid at all.

When your favorite brand is friendly today but bites and burns tomorrow, the second package was probably dryer than the first. Dry cigarettes are not a pleasant smoke. They must be rumid to be smooth and enjoyable.

Rum is used to condition choice tobaccos before they are packaged. That's why a really fresh smoke is so much better than one that is dry and has lost its smooth flavor. There is no practical way to keep cigarettes rumid before you buy them, but after you've bought them, it's easy — with a Rumidor.

The Rumidor is a handsome humidor — but here is the amazing feature that makes the Rumidor so popular. Solidified rum in the cover freshens your tobacco and revives its flavor. Every cigarette from a Rumidor is in perfect condition for smoking. You'll know it as soon as you light one.

There are four sizes of Rumidor, accommodating cigarettes, pipe tobacco and cigars. Handsome metals and beautiful leathers. $3.50 to $100. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.

# RUMIDOR

Genuine 12 year old rum in the Rumidor makes tobacco rumid

THE RUMIDOR CORP., 501 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. N-3
Please mail me
Copper cigarette Rumidor. Check encl. $3.50
Package four Rum Refills. Check encl. $1.00
Illustrated booklet of entire line (no charge)

Name .....

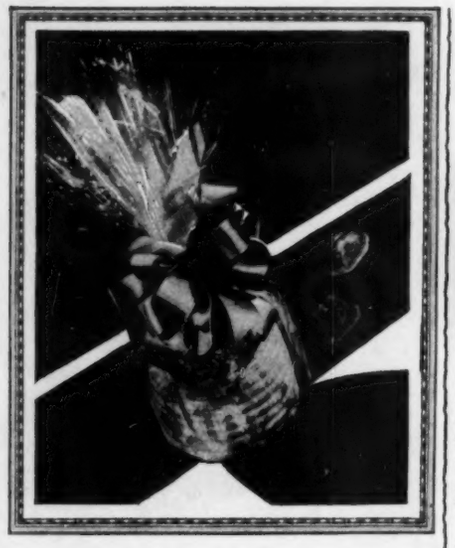
Address .....

YES! A honey pot that does *not* contain honey.

But, if you can bear to destroy its gay, red wrappings you'll discover what it *does* contain—oh! such delicious glacéd fruits—truly the work of a master confiseur.

And when its contents remain only in memory this exquisite little jar will serve you as a table container for—well, honey, pickles, chutney—anything!

It may be found among the myriad unusual Nice Things to Eat at Acker, Merrall's.



*Portrait of a Honey Pot that does not contain Honey..*

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Madison at 68th Sixth at 57th
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**to PUERTO CORTES**
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**Three beautiful *new* steamers of nearly six thousand tons sailing from New York every Saturday and on alternate Wednesdays.**

**Fitted with six luxurious cabins, each with a private bath, and each equipped with two comfortable single beds (not the usual steamer berths).**

**Ten or twelve congenial friends will find this cruise ideal from every standpoint. If a private yachting party is inconvenient, these steamers, of course, offer a high-class individual passenger service.**

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**New Orleans, La.**

**J. J. KELLEHER, Traffic Manager,**
**New Orleans, La.**

# THE RAC

*Stormy Dawn*
*Manners at the Barr*

IT seems to me that our racing season opens too early and ends too late. Particularly the latter, for the Maryland tracks, with their larger purses—thanks to the pari-mutuel—charm away all our millionaire owners and their equally prominent stables. Money makes the mare go—south.

THE opening of Empire City was not blessed with particularly clement weather and the crowd had to find what entertainment it could in the acrobatics of the horses. From the lee side of the stand we saw Infinitus come home a most convincing winner in the Autumn Days Stakes, after winning the Oceanus Claiming Stakes cleverly at the close of the Jamaica meeting the day before. The best race of the week was that between Jim Butler's Stormy Dawn and the Wheatley Stable's Hard Tack in the New Rochelle Handicap on Saturday, in which no one with an eligible cared to pick up third or fourth money. From flag-fall to finish they ran heads apart, Stormy Dawn being in front all the way. Bad manners at the barrier beat Hard Tack, for at the start he had the width of the track between him and the Butler colt, and had to cross the course sharply in the first furlong. That a straight line is the shortest distance between two points is as much an axiom in racing as in geometry, so Stormy Dawn won the purse.

Some horses earn reputations without doing the right thing at the right time. I am thinking of Hard Tack. Mrs. H. C. Phipps gave $25,000 for him, as a yearling, at the dispersal of the Hamilton Farm stud, and he raced only twice last year. This season his career has been a series of shocks, but he has been backed many times on the shadowy belief that his form was too bad to be true.

THE *Racing Calendar* always has been, as the official organ of the Jockey Club should be, a serious journal. Nevertheless, Algy Daingerfield has allowed levity to creep into the columns of the most recent issue. In the minutes of the meeting of the stewards, there was this news: "The Assistant Secretary read a letter from Mr.

# TRACK

*Stormy Days — Bad —What is a Beasel?*

James Butler, President of the Empire City Racing Association, to Mr. William Woodward, as to the improvements at the Empire City Race Course. On motion, duly seconded, the letter was accepted and placed on file."

IF there was any doubt as to who would succeed the late Sam Hildreth as trainer of Harry Sinclair's horses, it has been set at rest. Of course, it will be John Lowe, who was Sam's stable foreman once, and who won the Selima Stakes, for two-year-old fillies at one mile, with Khara. This daughter of Kai-Sang, well-ridden by Fator, beat R. S. Clark's Galaday and nine other fast young ladies.

ALTHOUGH Khara just now is at the top of the heap, in my opinion Gifford Cochran has a faster filly—for five furlongs—in The Beasel. The name of the daughter of Sunspot interested me to such an extent that I commissioned my friend Diogenes Checkpoints to look up what a beasel was. He retired to the library of the Harvard Club but failed to find a trace of a beasel in the "Book of Knowledge," the "Century Dictionary" or the "Encyclopædia Britannica." So I asked Henry McDaniel, who trains the filly, and he told me that she was christened by a friend of Mr. Cochran, whose name for catty females is "beasels."

MARS CASSIDY was the first man to use a barrier or starting gate in this country—thirty years ago at Benning track near Washington. Before that, races were started with a flag, as they still are in steeplechases, and in the early days at the tap of a drum. Cassidy's barrier was a piece of rubber stretched across the track, and when it was released it snapped into the infield. Algy Daingerfield tells me that once the barrier was released prematurely and, snapping across the track, struck his horse, Choir Boy, on the quarter. Choir Boy ran away for two miles and then finished second in the race.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

AT LIBERTY—Chain and rope king, escaping in mid-air, nothing can hold him. Terms on request.—*Adv. in The Billboard.*

Naturally he's at liberty!

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Outfits for Autumn Sport

*Send for our* NEW *Illustrated*
GENERAL CATALOGUE

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

FLANNEL MOUTH?

WHEN FOR REASONS BEST KNOWN TO YOURSELF YOU FEEL AS THOUGH YOU ARE CHEWING A RAG DOLL . . . AND YET WANT A SMOKE . . . THERE IS ALWAYS THAT GREAT, CLEAN-MOUTH CIGARETTE . . . WITH ITS NEW FREEDOM IN OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

•

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

•

SPUD CIGARETTES-20 FOR 20¢
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

# SHOUTS AND MURMURS

## RESTRAINT

IT was a casual argument with my neighbor, George M. Cohan, about the early days of Willie Collier which set me delving among old theatre programs this week to prove that Collier—Master W. Collier it was then—*had* played the page in the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew" when the late Augustin Daly revived it in 1887. It was a celebrated première which evoked all sorts of journalistic dancing in the streets. Even the dignified *Times* so far forgot herself as to pick up her skirts and shake her old feet in something akin to a fandango. I was not the *Times* critic that season. Indeed I did not get in to see the performance until later, as I was not born until the next afternoon.

Master W. Collier accompanied the troupe to London, and a re-reading of Otis Skinner's memories of the London first-night reminds me that he, too, might have been included here last week in my stern discourse on historians who are inclined to suppress "anything that might offend." In "Footlights and Spotlights," the mellow and gracious volume of Mr. Skinner's memoirs, he gives a most tactful passing glance at that first performance which was made both nerve-racking and triumphant by the circumstance that the leading lady was in a tantrum "over some fancied injustice." I think the whole story might be told now.

The decision to let an American troupe risk a Shakespearean production in presumably critical London was made only after the dire failure of the first bill had left Daly with the Gaiety Theatre on his hands. He resorted to the "Shrew" only because it was something his company already knew, and could fling into the breach with only a day's rehearsal. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, Miss Rehan chanced to stop at the box office on her way to the rehearsal, and picked up a missive from Daly which was meant for another woman in the cast, and which was doubly outrageous to her feelings because a ten-pound note was enclosed in it. She said nothing about this as the rehearsal began but it was all too obvious that she was seething inwardly about something. Daly tried a propitiatory pat on her shoulder. With one swoop she seized that patronizing hand, bit his finger to the bone, and, inflamed rather than appeased by this dash of mayhem, turned and swept out of the theatre as only she could sweep out of anywhere. Later, she was found at her hotel, nor would she listen to argument through the keyhole.

Meanwhile, the rehearsal straggled along down at the theatre, the management uncertain whether to refuse money at the box office or go heroically on as if nothing had happened. Finally, as the audience was beginning to arrive, the pit packed, the stalls filling up, a cab clattered up to the stage door, and out came Miss Rehan as though catapulted from her seat. A moment later she was in her dressing-room. Again the locked door. More and heavier silence. The curtain was rung up. Nervously, Christopher Sly and his cronies, and then the Baptista, Lucentio, and Bianca went through the early scenes, now and again casting an apprehensive eye toward the doorway through which, in flaming red, the Katherine would soon be due to enter. The moment approached, the cue was given, and on she came, at such full tilt and with so much storm inside her that she gave a performance of Shakespeare's "Shrew" the like of which had not been seen since the play was written. It didn't matter that no one else knew their lines, nor could recover from the panic into which they had been thrown. The Katherine was in such form that London was brought cheering to its feet. The papers next day were hysterical, and the stampede to see the play lasted until it was time for the troupe to depart for America.

SPEAKING of restraint, I had always felt that no one could ever hope to wrest from Maurice Maeterlinck the first prize for understatement. I refer, of course, to that famous scene where the mighty Golaud, raging with jealousy, seizes the panic-stricken Mélisande by the strands of her golden hair, drags her around the castle floor, ponders on the advisability of bashing her brains out, decides *not* to, then hurls her to the flagstones and stamps off to his study. It is only after he has gone that Mélisande recovers enough breath to observe "I am not happy here."

Now, however, I am inclined to award the first prize to some anonymous reporter on the Nice *Éclaireur*. The data is supplied to me by the far-flung Constant Reader, at present basking on a Riviera rock. Her letter rattles on in part as follows:

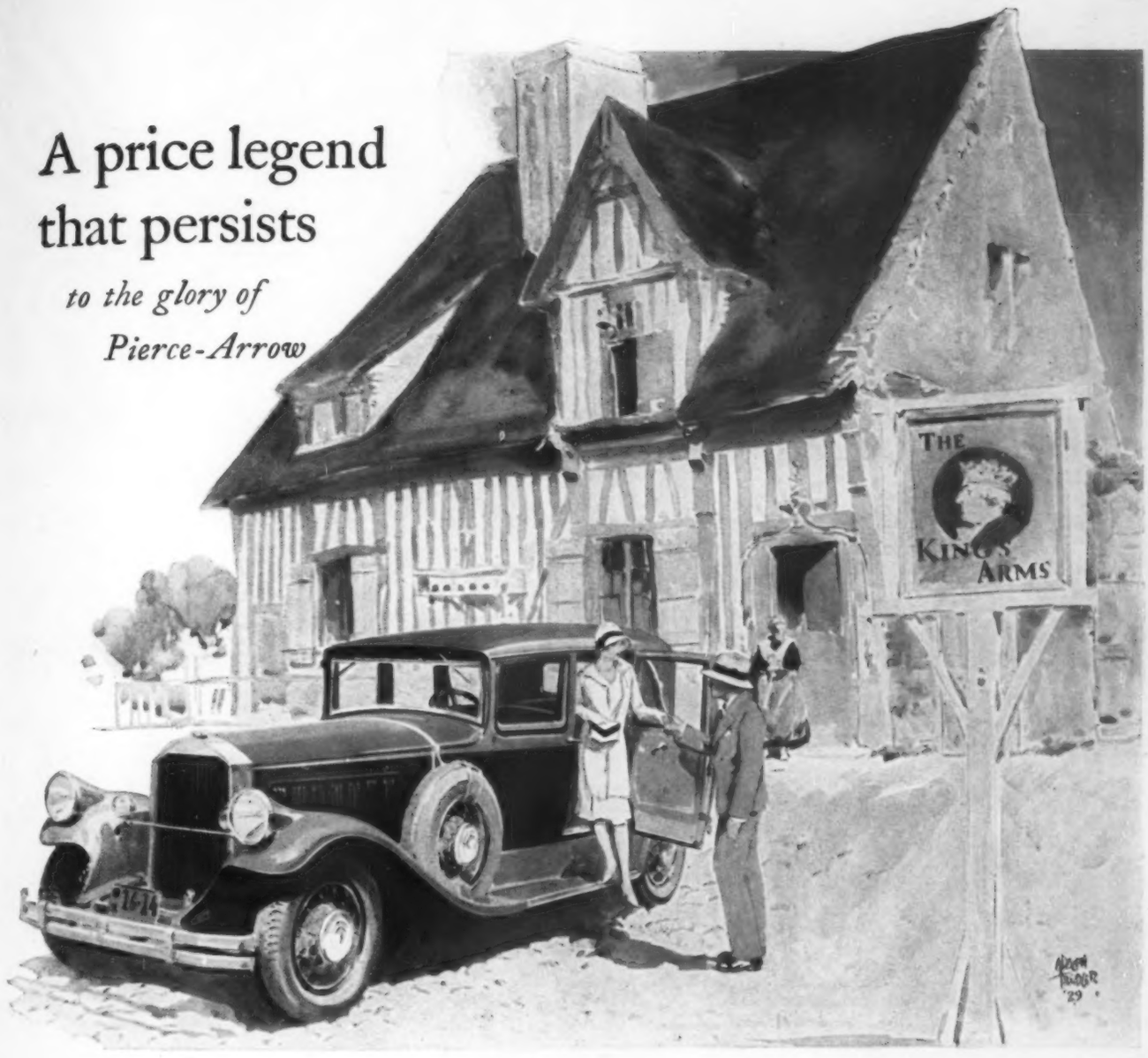
> The spell of the tropics has me, and I haven't seen a New York paper or magazine for an egg's age. My daily reading is the Nice *Éclaireur*, which is almost entirely devoted to accounts of good, juicy murders. There has been a great vogue, lately, of doubling up old ladies, stuffing them into trunks, and sending them around the Continent until they become—shall we say?—noticeable. Ah, well, maybe all their lives they wanted to travel.
>
> There has also been a fascinating case of a specimen of well-grown Midi manhood, who took an attractive little girl of eight into a field, deflowered her, gouged out an eye, cut her mouth to her ears, twisted her arms around backward, set fire to her clothes, and then deserted her. The *Éclaireur*—and I think no more than rightly—referred to him throughout its story as "*cet indélicat*."

WHICH leaves me just room for one more comment on the wayward press. This time it is not the Nice *Éclaireur*, but the New York *Mirror*. I used to think that an editor might divide all writers into two groups—good writers and those who used the word "anent." Yet I must confess to a distinctly pleasurable sensation afforded by the *Mirror's* use of the word in its account of a brush between Ramsay MacDonald, a recent visitor to these shores, and the incomparable Alice Longworth, whom we have always with us. Reference was being made to the latter's path-breaking rejection of an invitation to run over to the Hoovers' for dinner, when as everyone knows, says the *Mirror's* correspondent (none other, by the way, than my fellow journalist, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.), "a White House invitation is anent unto a command."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

# A price legend that persists

*to the glory of*
*Pierce-Arrow*




*When Adolph Treidler painted the original of the Pierce-Arrow portrait below, his subject was America's Finest Motor Car—just as it is, two decades later, in the reproduction above.*

SOME years have passed since it took at least six thousand dollars to purchase a Pierce-Arrow. Yet that price still exists as a minimum in the minds of an amazing number of Pierce-Arrow admirers.

The fact is that, while Pierce-Arrow must always command a price higher than average—being of a quality which has never known compromise—there are several models in today's Straight Eight line which sell for *less than three thousand dollars*. Also there are others, notably of the Custom Group, in the eight-thousand-dollar class.

So much for price—after all, a minor Pierce-Arrow attraction as compared with the low-swung, slender grace of a car which so conclusively made bulk and stodginess unfashionable among fine automobiles. Which may account for this new Straight Eight's commanding a waiting-list over the greater part of this year.

# PIERCE-ARROW

Pierce-Arrow prices are from $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

RALEIGH is playing a very companionable part in every phase of metropolitan life . . . if you leave the theatre to assist at a midnight sailing there's no particular need to stock up —for the porter on West Street will let you have one of his; he affects good things too. Neither you nor he care very much that there are 31 unusually fine tobaccos blended in every single puff of every single Raleigh—nor that the flavor can't be copied—nor that the method of rolling can't be matched. We mention it simply because you and he are creatures of curiosity—you're always wanting us to explain why you're having a good time.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
*Louisville, Kentucky*




*Twenty Cents*

PLAIN OR TIPPED

## PROMOTION

I HAVE just received a copy of a booklet which is called "Getting the Greatest Good Out of the Office Telephone." While the preface discreetly says: "the ideas contained herein are necessarily of a general nature," I know the booklet was written with *me* in mind, because I know the young man in the promotion department of the telephone company —he was a roommate of mine in college before a coolness developed between us—and instead of using those good old-fashioned names like "Jones" and "Smith" that traditionally mean everybody, he chose *my* name, Baker, to designate the villain of the piece.

For instance, in the chapter on answering the telephone, he says: "Avoid answering with indefinite words, such as 'Hello?' or 'Yes?'" Now the author of the booklet knows perfectly well that I always answer the telephone by saying either "Hello" or "Yes," so I can't help feeling there is a bit of a rebuke in that. He then goes on to say:

"Your bell rings. You answer, 'Rug department, Mr. Baker speaking.'"

Now in the store where I work (I am in the rug department) my Boss once had to speak pretty sharply to an importer who had the bad taste to try to sell a shipment of rugs over my Boss' head direct to the merchandise councillor. If I remember rightly, my Boss said: "Now get this —— —— —— straight, Mr. Katchadourian, *I* am the rug department."

So I can't help feeling that if I were to answer the telephone the way the booklet tells me to—by saying "Rug department, Mr. Baker speaking"—

**GENTLEMEN'S OVERCOATS**

**in Famous British Cloths**

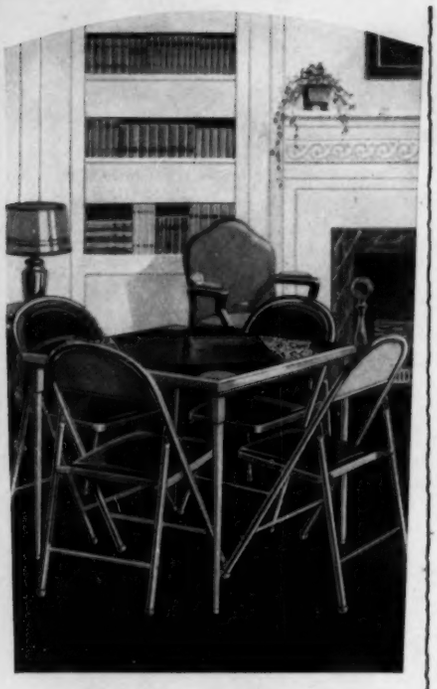
Shetlands true to their honored origin; tweeds which uphold the fame of ancient Scottish looms; clear-cut worsteds, distinguished covert cloths and cashmeres worthy of English mill traditions—these are the fabrics presented in De Pinna overcoats for gentlemen . . . . . .

**Ready for immediate wear . . $65 to $175**

DE PINNA

*Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen*

**FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd ST., NEW YORK**



STEELART has created new standards in Bridge Furniture

Furniture designers of national reputation planned Steelart. Interior decorators created the twelve decorative color schemes—different, distinctive, beautiful—to harmonize with any furnishing scheme. . . . From furniture steel, Lyon engineers made strong, rigid folding furniture—light, easy to handle, and folding in small space. Steelart can not warp or splinter. There are no leg braces to weaken. Joints are electrically welded. The chairs are comfortable and pinch-proof. Steelart is social furniture that will give you a lifetime of pleasure and satisfaction. . . . Put Steelart on your Christmas shopping list. It makes a perfect gift—new, different, constantly useful—a lasting reminder of your thoughtfulness. Steelart is sold by leading dealers in home furnishings, in sets of a table and four chairs or as individual pieces. Write for booklet illustrating the complete line in natural colors.

LYON METAL PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
Aurora, Illinois

LYON STEELART Furniture

my Boss would think I was trying to edge myself into his job, and my Boss is one of those people who never take kindly to their subordinates' being unduly opportunistic.

I don't like to appear suspicious, but I really am a little afraid that the author of the booklet deliberately set out to get me into hot water at the store.

THERE is another paragraph in the booklet which I cannot help feeling is rather an unusually sly dig at me. It says: "You will find it of assistance to maintain a list of numbers of frequently called persons or firms."

As I said, the young man who wrote the booklet was a roommate of mine at college. At that time, it just happens, I kept a little black notebook with certain names and telephone numbers of persons frequently called. As a matter of fact, what I used to do was to call up one number after the other until I found one of the persons was at home and free for the evening.

Now this fellow who wrote the booklet also kept a little notebook, but he never was particularly good at building up a good list of telephone numbers, and many's the time when he tried to insinuate himself onto a blind date via my little list. He was the sort of person who never added much *joie de vivre*, you might say, to a party, but I never took a stand until one day when I found he had swiped my black notebook and had copied down all my best telephone numbers. It was just about then that I had a chance to move into another dormitory, so after recovering my stolen property I never invited him on any more parties.

I am, as any of my friends would tell you, a pretty peaceable sort of person, and don't like to be inconsiderate of other people, but quite frankly, there is one sentence in that booklet that I am certainly going to ignore, if ever he rings me up. It's where it says:

"When you have finished talking, replace the receiver quietly, as slamming it is likely to cause a sharp bang in the ear of the person with whom you have been talking."

—BAKER, RUG DEPARTMENT

•

NICE single and double rooms $4.50 week up, nice lobby and complete hotel service. In this location, right at Market and Geary, you cannot go wrong.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Is that a challenge?

Just Overnight* To America's Sport Center

SO near! Yet you'll find Pinehurst, N. C. a sportsman's paradise. From the moment you turn lazily in bed to watch long-leafed pines nodding cheerfully outside your bedroom, pleasure fills every minute of your stay. Golf (5 famous D. J. Ross courses) polo, riding, archery and other sports in a climate that is health's best friend.

For reservations at the Carolina Hotel (opens Oct. 28) or new illustrated booklet address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

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America's Premier Winter Resort

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TURTLE BAY GARDEN BLOCK

DUPLEX Studio Apartment, six rooms, three fireplaces, casement windows. Balcony overlooking the gardens. Has been occupied by noted composer who is moving to the country. . . . Available on three-year lease at $3,600. 222 East 49th Street or telephone Mrs. Reed, Plaza 6513.

MODERNMODE

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*choose leather heels for streetwear . . .*

Erstwhile, the opera pump was appropriate for evening and tea-time wear exclusively, but now at the height of its chic, Modernmode presents the opera for spectator, sports and streetwear . . . . .

Particularly smart, is this one of suede with calf trim—with the all-leather heel . . .

$10

Many models in sizes up to 9. Widths AAA to C. Fitting the Narrow Heel.

MODERNMODE FOOTWEAR

535 FIFTH AVENUE

Between 44th and 45th Streets

# THE ART GALLERIES

*More from France—A Newcomer, and a Handsome One — Chinese Finger Painting*

THE French still maintain the lead in the season's opening shows. The Reinhardt Galleries, which confine themselves to two or three exhibitions a year, are at present doing quite handsomely by a large assortment of the accepted French masters. Most of the paintings are new to these shores, and nearly all of them are well worth seeing.

One Rousseau is here for the first time, and we would be satisfied if nothing else were on view. Being one of our major weaknesses, Rousseau can do things to us that few other painters can, except, possibly, Van Gogh. This picture, "Rain in the Jungle," surpasses the well-known Chicago and Quinn pieces, in our estimation, by having an added color, red. Rousseau's handling of the exciting counter-note is a superior job.

Second in interest to us were two superb Braques and a Pascin which is a little less lascivious than most of his languishing ladies. "The Girl in Blue with Flowers" is as interesting a Pascin as we have seen. Also, there are a Gauguin—one of the more sedate still-lifes—and a Matisse, "The Ballet Dancer," that is of the experimental period.

The Picasso group shows the master in several moods. We were particularly grateful for a look at his "Portrait of a Lady" and the "Woman and Cats." In the latter there is a strong strain that links his beginnings with the same vital force that sprang from Delacroix and ran on down through Van Gogh and Manet to Matisse.

THE galleries have been enlarged by two big rooms full of those odds and ends of the great that sell like hot cakes to the lesser collectors who cannot afford canvases but demand some representation in their collections. There are water colors and drawings from all of the painters known to this house—Modigliani, Redon, Laurencin, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and so

WHEN WITCHES HOLD HIGH REVEL ON HALLOWE'EN

—serve these delicious BREYERS Ice Cream FANCY FORMS

Cats and owls . . witches and skulls . . pumpkins and corn—each a time-honored symbol of Hallowe'en—and each an individual serving of Breyers delicious Ice Cream. What could be more novel for your Hallowe'en Party?

An assortment of 12 or more will be delivered to your door—packed in dry ice. Price $2.40 the dozen. Order from your Breyer Dealer *at least 24 hours in advance.*

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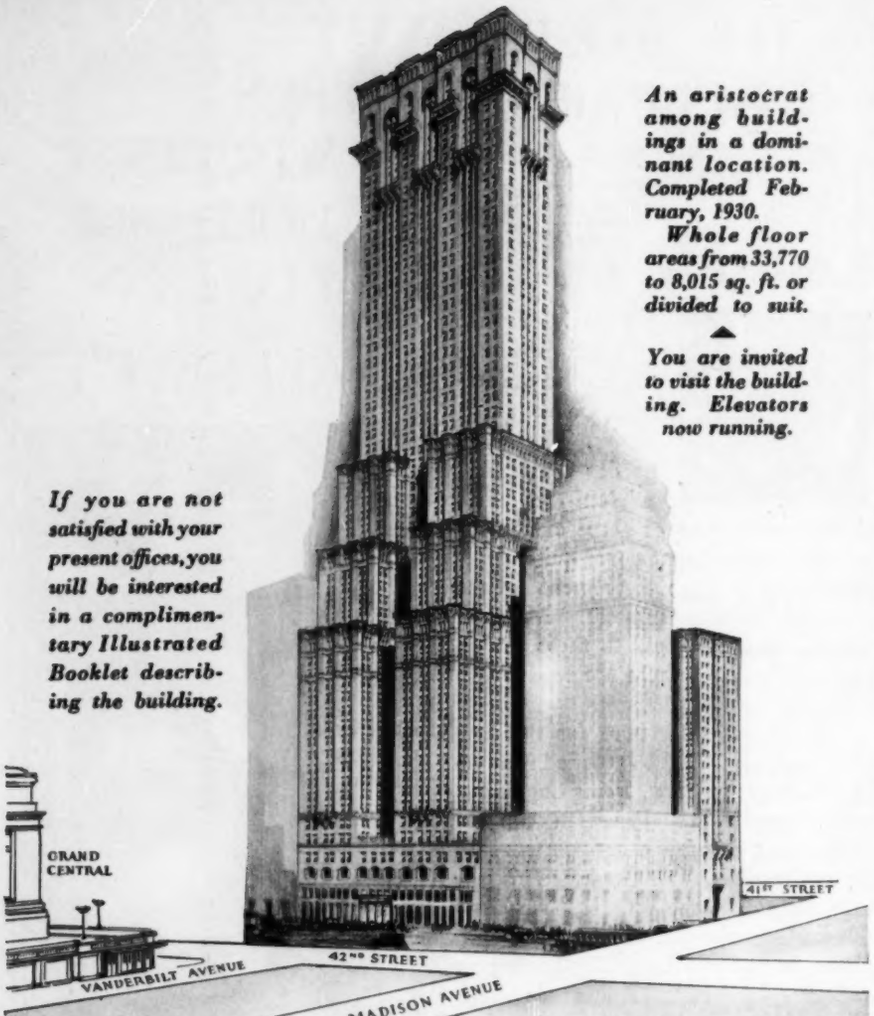


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*You are invited to visit the building. Elevators now running.*

*If you are not satisfied with your present offices, you will be interested in a complimentary Illustrated Booklet describing the building.*

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## *America's Finest Office Building in America's Best Location*

CONSIDERED locally or nationally, the new Lincoln Building stands at the heart of the world's greatest market.

Across the street from Grand Central Terminal, it stands at the gateway of New England and the West . . . focal point for the wealth of a continent.

Doors of the new Lincoln Building open on three main arteries of the Grand Central Zone—Madison Avenue, Forty-first and Forty-second streets. Converging rapid transit lines make it the convenient center of access for the five boroughs of Greater New York.

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on. In fact these rooms constitute a full show in themselves.

ANOTHER gallery has come along; we would surmise as a result of the increased interest in buying pictures. The newcomer is called the Delphic, is located at 9 East Fifty-seventh Street, and is a rather handsome affair. The walls and lighting are excellent; and it starts off well—for us—by having a show of Thomas Benton. The group is mainly drawings and water colors under the heading: "The South."

Benton is one of those realists necessary in a land given over to Rotary Clubs and Shearers. He catches the untidiness, the filthiness, and the biological truth of a civilization abounding in store-fronts and chewing tobacco. He never minces, and where another artist might seek the prettified aspects of a scene, Benton goes in and photographs, with shorthand strokes, nature at her most *gauche*. He has a perfect architectural sense, which is especially necessary in a commentator of people who grow out of the soil.

Along with the many smaller pieces, there are some canvases from various phases of his career.

THE galleries of Marie Sterner, which are now at 11 East Fifty-seventh Street, have been given a new dress. Two or three rooms have been added, and exhibits have been put on a fortnightly schedule. Until November 1 there is a show of children on view; a pleasant one, without particular continuity, running from Goya and Greco down to Henri and Myers, with several stop-offs in between. The Bellows portrait of "Jean" is there—a good thing to test your judgment on, in case you are a Bellows fan. Laurencins are there by the dozens, and even Pissarro and Renoir. Out of this array there should be something for every taste.

KWEI TENG, known as a "finger painter," closes his show at Weyhe's gallery this Saturday, October 26. Mr. Teng goes in for beauty in the classic Oriental manner but has nothing that stirred our eyebrows. It all seems very remote, somehow; and the fact that he does it with his finger is not particularly pertinent. Mr. Teng is a poet, but we imagine he will find scant audience for his muse.

WILLIAM MALHERBE, showing until November 9 at the Dur-

# Why the kitchen?

YOU know how it is. At first everyone sits around and tries to *impress* everyone else. Then, if it's a *good* party, pretty soon you're all milling around out in the kitchen eating eats and drinking drinks. Someone empties a drawer of Frigidaire ice cubes and then sets the "Cold Control" so as to make the next batch still faster. Your party's a success, but why do they *insist* on staying in the *kitchen?*

Here's an idea that may not have occurred to you. If you'd *prefer* to have that party in some *other* room where the chairs are cosier and the lights dimmer, put a *Frigidaire* in it. A dignified Frigidaire Buffet—a busy little Ice Maker—finished in a color that will feel at home in the room. *Any* Frigidaire makes a wonderful centerpiece for a party.

Winston Paul, the Frigidaire distributor, has a mighty interesting line to show you. His showroom is at 39 West 45th Street. Maybe you'd rather phone Bryant 8700 and let him send you a circular with complete information. Or just clip the coupon and mail it.

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What's all this about Frigidaire Buffets and Ice Makers?

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# The much photographed Mrs. Michael Arlen has exquisitely tended hands

## "A flattering radiance to my nails is so easy with this New Cutex Liquid Polish," she says.

SHE has restored romance to a tired world!

Young—tranquil—very beautiful—the grave-eyed Countess Atalanta Mercati!

Talented — sophisticated — a writer of romance and intrigue—the brilliant Michael Arlen!

The society of five continents paid homage to her beauty and his fame at their impressive marriage in the Greek Orthodox Church in Cannes.

And Michael Arlen, renowned both as a novelist and a lover of beauty, wrote another story—a fragrant romance bearing the delicate imprint of his exquisite wife.

Skiing at St. Moritz, dancing and tennis on the Riviera—at all the blue and green and gold places where the fashionable world plays—Mrs. Arlen is conspicuous for her exquisite grooming. Particularly noticeable are her expressive hands—her slender tapering fingers and beautifully cared for nails!

"To me," Mrs. Arlen said thoughtfully, "hands are just as expressive and interesting as people's faces. Perhaps that is why I have always given mine especial care.

"I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days after using it my nails are delightful. And with so little effort. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

You will find Cutex preparations at toilet goods counters everywhere! A generous sized bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢, Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢.

Say your "Merry Christmas" with the charming new Cutex Manicure Gift Sets—at prices to suit every purse. 25¢, 60¢, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50, $3.00.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

With grave sweetness the lovely Mrs. Arlen explained the exquisite simplicity with which she cares for her hands, so that they have always an enchanting perfection. "*First,* I use the Cuticle Remover which shapes and softens the cuticle; *second,* the Polish Remover to remove old polish, then the beguiling new Liquid Polish that sparkles for days; *third,* a tiny bit of Cuticle Cream or Oil and just enough Nail White to enhance the radiance of the Polish!"

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER – 12¢**

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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*Where the brilliant pageantry of society gathers Mrs. Michael Arlen lends the exotic beauty of a tropic flower. "Like lotus buds that float" her exquisite hands leave you with an image of slim, unforgettable beauty! They tell of a nobility fostered through the dim centuries. Mrs. Arlen is descended from a distinguished Florentine family that has married into prominent families in this country, England and France. From such a broadly cosmopolitan background has her uniquely exquisite personality grown.*

and-Ruel Galleries, belongs to that class of painters who mistake varnish for spirit. He comes to us with a long French training and a catalogue filled with favorable press clippings from Paris and London.

Mr. Malherbe goes in more for the Renoir tradition than for any other, touching it enough for recognition in his "La Cueillette." Also, he has one pleasing trick of light and shade, greatly in vogue among the Academicians twenty years ago, which almost comes to life in his "La Gorge aux Loups à Fontainebleau." Most of the other things we found to be rather raucous statements of old themes by a man who has too much to learn about color.

HERE AND THERE: The Scandinavian-American artists are having a show at the Art Center. . . . Keppel is holding an exhibition, closing October 26, of contemporary etchings. . . . Jack Van Ryder, termed "the cowboy painter," is on view at Montross until November 2. . . . Pictures by Buk and Nura are being shown at the studio of Esther Markham, 19 West Eighth Street. . . . The Municipal Gallery of Atlantic City reports that it has sold some paintings, and has brought the resort from a state of being hot-dog conscious to one of becoming appreciative of modern art. Hurrah! . . . The Morton Galleries, 49 West Fifty-seventh Street, have portraits by Benn, Carlson, Goldthwaite, and others until October 28. . . . The paintings and etchings of Paul F. Berdanier are on view in the galleries of the American Lithograph Company, 52 East Nineteenth Street. . . . A new series of lithos of New York, by Adrian Lubbers, is at Harlow, McDonald. —M. P.

•

## DE MINIMIS

(CONCERNING TRIFLES)

The spiritual alimentary tract
Is startling in its inconsistency—
Behold the metaphysical Jack Spratt
Gulping down camels with impunity,
And puzzled at the unaccountable fact
That he should grow so ill over a gnat!

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

•

LOST—Male fox hound, brown head, yellow legs, blue body with large black spots on left side, male. Also female, white with red head and spot on hip.—*Fayette (Mo.) Democrat Leader.*

Those aren't dogs, those are nasturtiums.


# DOBBS

*Suits are of first importance...*

Because nothing is quite so smart, so flattering, so vastly becoming! And they find charming expression this season in modes of formal as well as tailored character. Finely tailored suits in imported tweeds, vie with models in broadcloth and velvet, accented by rich furs and implying the new elegance of the 1930 silhouette. The more inspiring of the new suit fashions are ready at Dobbs.

95.00 to 450.00

*The jaunty model shown is tailored of imported tweed with a smart jersey blouse.* $110.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

# Somewhere *in the* East Sixties

## *Being the story of a china service that defies some traditions and creates others of its own.*

REGULARITY may be all right in the polling place—many a woman can brag that she has voted the straight Republican ticket ever since 1920—but regularity has ceased to be a virtue in the china closet since some of the more modern hostesses have had their way.

For many of them are commanding a not unwilling Ovington's to make gay their tables with an assortment of china that would have turned grey the hairs of their grandmothers.

*A new and different pattern for every course!*

The idea is irregularity—a studied departure from the formal—a new and different pattern for every course—a departure even more formal than an adherence to the obvious.

Many a smart set goes out nowadays with a place plate of one kind—a soup plate of a different pattern—an entrée plate of a third variety—a more formal plate for the main course—a salad plate of still another kind and some quaint dessert service.

If you think that that's all there is to it, you're much mistaken. It takes a great deal of art to select them correctly. When you get the right combination the effect is wonderful—should you select maladroitly, terrible is the word for the result.

But, with a lot of good taste and a little help

from our china staff, or vice versa for that matter, you can make up a set that will set the eyes of all china lovers dancing with delight.

For example, there was one combination that went out the other day to a very exclusive roof apartment in the East Sixties—a combination that certainly merits description.

### *The order of the coming—and the going of the china*

For her service plate this particular hostess chose a beautiful plate of great dignity. Over its ivory glazed background and its green band was one of the lovely filigree patterns of gold, that are the especial forte of the great English potter, "Royal Worcester."

Over this service plate, for canapé or caviar, she superimposed an ivory-bodied plate with a gay yellow band, a yellow that went gorgeously with the green rim of the service plate.

A new cream soup service then won her favor. A lovely thing it was of Rosenthal's, with a gold filigreed pattern on a body of ivory that blended perfectly with the place plate's ivory and its glorious green.

A plate to charm when the finny denizens of the deep had a place on her menu was her next thought. And since the piscatorial patterns of Lenox are quite the best of the day her choice naturally fell upon a service of Lenox with a band of blue.

Then, for the great moment, when the place plate is cleared away and the pièce de résistance of the evening is served, she selected a clear cream Lenox plate with only the tiniest of gold bands to the edge. Her idea, as she expressed it, was to have a background that would not clash, whether the main course was duckling or roast beef, whether the vegetable was yellow turnips or green spinach.

### *An interpolation of green glass for the salad*

Then for the salad, plates of cool green glass, etched in the Belgian manner, and when these were gone, a quaint little dessert service in old lavender, cream and a miscellany of old-fashioned garden hues. It had as many blossoms as an old-fashioned garden and these, with prim decorations were festooned round and about the edges of the plates and the tops of the cups. Quaint shapes and odd colors indeed, but no question at all about the charm of the thing.

Green, yellow, blue, cream, bottle green and old yellow and lavender! What a mélange of color! What an assortment of tone!

* * *

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**It is strange enough but true that those hostesses who are willing to go to extremes against the conservative convention of a service that always matches, exercise the strongest restraint when it comes to table crystal. Perhaps because so many sins are committed in the name of table crystal, seemingly they consider it should be of but one genre all the way through.**

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# WHY PICK ON THE OPERA?

ONE of the most popular of all winter sports is throwing bricks at the Opera. People have been doing it for forty-six years and I have aided and abetted. Away back in what the youngsters believe to be the age of operatic fable, the days of Maurice Grau's celebrated all-star casts, we were busy with our missiles. Geraldine Farrar has made a few pointed comments since she took to gray hair and a piano accompanist. Subscribers with gelatinous spines have been doing it in letters to critics which might better have been sent to the imperturbable Gatti-Casazza. Why write to critics? They are like Mark Twain's friends with the weather: they grumble, but they don't do anything.

But why do the heathen rage? What is wrong with the Metropolitan? Is it not the greatest opera house in the world? Do not the sophisticated youth of the town know that lyric art began when they did? Are not the sons and daughters satisfied that, when some young Gopher Prairie Juliet transforms the ancestral hall of the Capulets into a Main Street parlor, Shakespeare and Gounod have been dressed up in modern clothes and art has been brought up to date? Was Carmen a tigress of temperament, a mountain Cleopatra luring a well-drilled young Antony to destruction, or was she, as she has been mercilessly limned, just a common cat with a back-fence vocal art?

What is all this talk about Grau's "Les Huguenots" with Nordica or Lehmann as Valentine, Sembrich or Melba as the Queen, Mantelli as the Page, Jean de Reszke as Raoul, Edouard de Reszke as Marcel, Plançon as St. Bris, and Scotti, the patriarch of the Metropolitan, as De Nevers? Was there any outstanding figure in that cast? Certainly not. It was just a dead level of merit. Only a lot of ancients, doddering into a twilight of misshapen memories, tell us that these singers were better than our pealing Lauri-Volpi and our lamented Marion Talley. Venerable critics, prattling of their own dead past, cannot fool us. We have been educated to know the peculiar greatness of Mary Lewis and Grace Moore and Leonora Corona. We have come to understand the exquisite nuances of Jeritza's art of falling down. We have grasped even the profound significance of Bohnen's assumption of the centre of all things in every opera in which he appears. It is only proper self-respect.

We comprehend that when we go to hear Galli-Curci in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" we are there because of the prima donna. For instead of those ridiculous "Huguenot" parades of the seven (count 'em, seven) possessors of proud names which Grau used to make, we now have real and undiluted star opera with one or perhaps two genuine celebrities at a time.

WHY is it? Thrift, Horatio, thrift. An opera house is not an educational institution. It is a fashionable resort and a place of amusement. If a manager wishes to fill the standing room, he must have bawling tenors. The tenor bawls and the standees bawl back bravos at him, whereupon he bawls more vociferously than before, if he can. If it is not a tenor, it must be a prima donna whose glory is less in her voice or vocal art than in her skill in acrobatic stage business or emitting unexpected and startling screams. We used to have a stage full of celebrities famous for the calm and elegance and finish of their singing, but that sort of thing will not do for these days. The youth of this time cares not for elegance or finish; it clamors for excitement. So what have we? Opera jazzed up to glut the rude desires of youth and dazzle the ignorance of a generation of post-war rich.

Today you are invited to observe the complacent incompetence of some American soprano from the music halls or the southwestern desert as she meanders innocently through the scenes of a masterpiece, and tomorrow you are privileged to behold a bumptious baritone turning another masterpiece topsy-turvy in order that he may cut a figure as the star of the entertainment. The problem of the impresario is to find

*"Remember how she coughed when she came in? Well, she dies in the last act."*

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rôles for these different classes of stars. For Rosa Ponselle, one of the soberer artists of the company, Mr. Gatti-Casazza must revive classics in which the soprano's stilted walk and gestures and her noble voice and really large-type singing find a suitable field. When these classics are resurrected, however, it becomes clear that Miss Ponselle is a lonely figure on their stage.

When productions of novelties fail, as they usually do, and revivals cease to interest, there are always "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" to fall back upon, condensed operas swiftly moving to their conclusions of blood and crime through pages of peppery melody and biting rhythms. These will evoke shouts of bravo from the standing army when the tragedies of erring vestals, whether Spontini's or Bellini's, provoke gentle yawns of solemn approbation. The old operas weary us and the new ones disappoint us.

But have we not had beautiful performances of "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "L'Amore dei Tre Re"? Oh, yes; no doubt about it. Has the public, though, adored these painful sacrifices on the altar of true art? The public admires, but does not flame with enthusiasm, and there is no strain on the rail behind the orchestra circle. There is no pep in such operas. Possibly pep is the missing ingredient in every opera season. The venerable grumblers say the opera is dull. The young generation knows it is. There is no kick in it. Surely there must be a reason. Apparently the urbane impresario never worries. The house is full almost every night. Standees vary in number, but the subscription pays the freight. When the books are opened in the spring the populace rushes to put down its names without knowing what works are to be given or who is to sing in the next season. Its faith is noble. It is sure of "Rigoletto," "Aïda," and "La Bohème." There will be six performances every week and many extras at which singularly potent attractions will be offered for the delectation of those not on the subscription list. If there is an especially well advertised novelty like "Jonny Spielt Auf" to be offered, it will be produced outside the subscription series and at prices liberally advanced. If this does not give a kick, what will?

PERHAPS the hoary-headed whiners believe that the steady grind of an opera season, with its incessant repetitions and its infrequent novelties, dulls the sensibilities of those engaged

in the performances. This, of course, is an obvious error. Jumping to Philadelphia, running to Brooklyn, rehearsing for hours daily and singing at the top of one's lungs to drag emotions out of deep hiding places in the profound bosoms of dealers in fine fruits or merchants of carpets, bonds, or stocks, should keep real artists right on their toes. Consider the ways of Martinelli and be wise. Does he ever stint? Does the daily grind ever cause him to provide scantily of his voice? There is a man. They put him on the sound screen several years ago and after the first performance they had to equip the thing with a muffler. Some of the old-time members of the company are ready to murder him out of sheer envy. No longer do their vocal cords resound with stentorian tone and so they therefore hate the big scream.

THERE are foolish persons who declare that the dullness of the Metropolitan performances is due to the conductors, good, honest, well-meaning men who labor mightily and vainly. Maurice Grau would have laughed these persons to scorn. He always said that people did not go to the opera to look at a man's back. Yet skeptics assert that things have never been the same since Toscanini went away—nor even since Papi departed. And now Bamboschek also is gone. Why do they not perceive the greatness of Serafin? Toscanini made his biggest hit conducting "Tristan and Isolde;" Serafin made his conducting "Siegfried." Is not that enough to convince anyone that he is not responsible for the boredom of "Loreleys" and "Lodolettas" and even the long-suffering "Lucia"? The grumblers said that Bodanzky conducted Wagner as if he did not like the job. Well, Bodanzky is gone. It seems sometimes as if everything had to go except Alda, Scotti, and Ananian. When any conductor undertakes to make whoopee with an opera, Gilman and Peyser loose the terrors of their vocabularies. When there is no whoopee, Irving Weil goes to sleep and wakes up with a hot pen. Somehow no one seems to suspect that in many instances the conductors have to take things slowly to meet the needs of historical singers who can no longer sprint.

There are even human beings who complain about the ballet. It cannot be possible that any of them sneak off in secrecy and visit the cathedral of the motion picture. It is inconceivable that cultured opera-goers are acquainted with the doings of the thirty-

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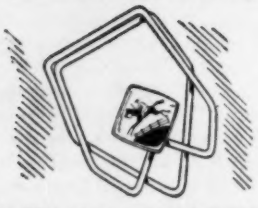

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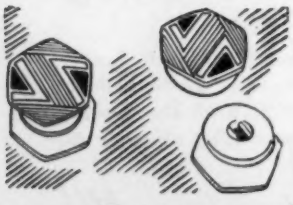

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two Roxyettes or the Chester Hale Girls. Or is it the daintily graphic ballets of Leonid Massine that have corrupted their taste? Have they no respect for the long years of Rosina Galli's service? Evidently not, for one of them said to me last winter: "If you want to know what's the matter with the Metropolitan, study the petrified routine of the ballet. The rest of the institution is in the same rut."

Men talk like that in spite of the splendor of the mountings of operas. Of gorgeous apparel there is never any want. Joseph Urban, versatile, fecund, practical, makes sermons of stones, books of running brooks, and stage effect of everything. Costumes and makeup are most impressive. Could anything be more convincing than the royal robe worn by Jeritza as Turandot? And was not Alda a disturbing dream of the old Nile when she descended into the bath of Cleopatra in Henry Hadley's night at the Metropolitan? One often sighs over recollections of bygone glories. Could anything have been more seductive to the eye than "La Reine Fiamette"? Was not "The Egyptian Helen" attired in shimmer of silk and suggestion of gauze? What an opera for clothes and scenery! Yet not even the All-Knowing Sea Shell, which was right in the midst of it, could tell Mr. Gatti that it would not go. They did not do things so splendidly in the days of Grau. One remembers Billy Parry rushing out on the stage to accept the honors after Samson's strong arms had pulled down the temple in neat and undisguised sections of papier-mâché. And one cannot forget the paper roses on the bed to which Messalina Calvé dragged the shrinking Scotti. Still they had a very good dragon in "Siegfried," and a very good Siegfried too.

WHY all the present-day lamentations? They lack even the slender merit of originality. For illustration, the eminent Count Algarotti published in 1758 "An Essay on the Opera" in which he says that this is the finest and most delightful of all entertainments, and adds:

"It must, however, be confessed the persons who nowadays take upon them

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the guidance of those public diversions do neither enter into a due consideration of particulars nor pay a proper attention to several necessary constituents for making an opera perfect; nay, upon examination they will be found remiss in choosing the subject of their dramas and still more negligent about the words thereof being congenially adapted for the music. These gentlemen appear to be entirely careless of verisimilitude in the singing and recitative parts as well as about the connection that ought to subsist between the intervening ballets executed by the dancers and the main business of the drama. The former should seem to spring genuinely from the latter. They are equally regardless of appropriated decorations in the scenery department; and the faulty structure of their theatres hitherto hath quite escaped their notice. What wonder, then, if that species of dramatic representation, which from its nature ought to prove the most delightful of all scenic entertainments, hath degenerated to such a degree of insipidity and irksomeness to spectators in general."

We are going to have a new opera house (some day) so we shall not remain guilty of ignoring the faulty structure of our theatres. Perhaps when we do have that new opera house we shall have a glorious company of all those American stars who have shed their refulgence through the opera houses of the old world. Perhaps we shall have conductors and stage managers and scene painters and ballet masters who know how to give operatic performance the recreative gland treatment which will put an end to the procession of plodding years passing like black oxen. As for me, I do not expect to live to see all the graybeards rejuvenated by operatic reformation. Those who now guide the lyric theatre seem to be strong and healthy and likely to live many years, and there will be Algarottis girding at them when I am listening to heavenly music I shall not have to write about.

—W. J. HENDERSON

•

Four babies in eleven months and sixteen days is the record of Mrs. Glue, of Council Houses, Addlestone, Surrey. The latest arrivals were twin boys, following the birth of twins under a year ago. "I have never believed in a large family," said Mr. Glue after the arrival of the second pair of twins, "so in a way this is unfortunate."—*London Evening News.*

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# FOOTBALL

*The Battle of Cambridge—Finale in the Dusk—Ambition and the Humble Scrub*

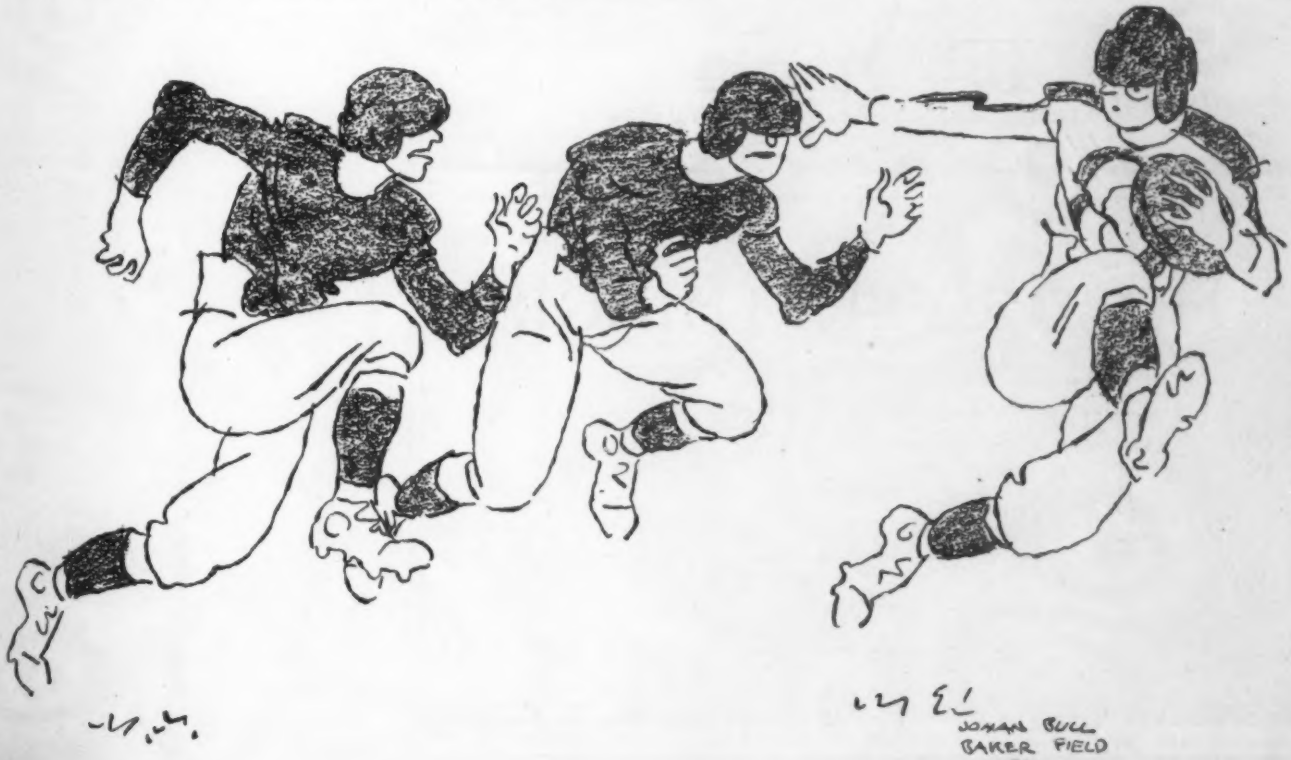
ONE rarely sees such honest, whole-souled scrapping as that in the Army-Harvard game at Cambridge last week. It is also given to few to see such a swell game of football. When the gentle representatives from Massachusetts make the trip to Michigan on November 9, we hope that there will be plenty of hardy Middle Westerners in the stands to watch them in action. What they see may settle, for once and for all, that old one about the East's being effete. To those inhabitants west of the Alleghenies who won't be able to see the game but who remain skeptical, we suggest getting in communication with the cadets of the Military Academy at West Point.

For this year's Army-Harvard game was a grand knockdown and drag-out fight. Nor does this mean that dirty football was played. There was no case of slugging visible from the stands, and the three or four penalties for roughness given out during the game, with each side receiving its share, were the results of slamming tackles and fierce, smashing play, coupled with the efforts of the frantic Dr. Eddie O'Brien to keep things within reasonable bounds.

THERE was perfect stage direction for this game. The officials arranged for the start at two-thirty, a half hour later than most games at this season, and by the time the cadets had finished parading, it was heading toward three. The result was a finish set in a grayish murk that made the players unreal and the dim, packed stands as impersonal as painted stage backdrops. Even the unending, frantic roaring during those closing minutes seemed the chanting of a huge chorus.

Into that dusk went a tired, angry, desperate Harvard eleven, seven points behind, playing from their own twenty-yard line. They had come on the field two hours before a strong favorite; they had run up score enough to rest on in the first half. Then they had seen a West Point team rise in its wrath. Led by the oxen power of Cadet Murrel and the dancing grace of Cadet Cagle, that team had cut the lead against them, made it vanish, dispelled, forever, apparently, the hope of Harvard's saving the game.

Like most defeated teams in the closing minutes, Harvard began throwing passes all over; but these passes, and this was the miracle, were not frantic and wild. They were good passes. There were less than two minutes to play as that long last one from Barry Wood, the tennis player, went sailing like one of the war's lazy minnenwerfers for fifty yards into the hands of Vic Harding. Then there came the drop kick, when young Wood, his headguard torn off and pretending fiercely to be cool, tied the score and very solemnly embraced the referee. White scorecards, like huge snowflakes, came



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*Foreword and Dedication by* BOB SHERWOOD
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Humorous digest on back yard "retreats" retrospective of days when we as children hastened along a well-worn path leading "straight to its swinging door."

*A laugh and a heart throb in every line*

*We had "one" in our back yard—and so did you! Anyone who has ever frozen or baked in a small town "out house" will scream over HOLD EVERYTHING!!*

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SHERWOOD'S 24 Beekman St., N. Y. City

twisting out of the dark of the Harvard stands.

Even then the game hadn't ended. An Army back, taking the kick-off with a fine rage, came charging back, eyes closed and teeth set, to bull his way alone through the entire Harvard team. When they hit him, the ball popped out for yards, like an exploding champagne cork, and Harvard and Wood

had another chance. The field goal went wild, and it was nice that it did. Harvard didn't deserve to win that way.

AT CAMBRIDGE: President Lowell, looking small beside the generals, reviewing the cadet corps before the game. . . . Arnie Horween, in the last practice of Friday, running after his team and firing a pistol to start them on signal plays. . . . Cagle pleading with the referee to make them let him stay in when Hutchinson relieved him toward the end. . . . The cadets riding the mule up and down the field and falling off on their necks a half dozen times between the halves. . . . Harvard's huge bass drum on a rubber-tired carriage. . . . The advertising balloons hovering over the stadium. . . . The departing spectators cursing and stumbling through the inky darkness of the exits under the stands.

THE best example of the hope that springs eternal in the sophomore's breast—to change the subject from stadiums to practice fields—is to be found in the scrub teams of the various football squads. The Omelettes, Hobos, Old Contemptibles, or whatever the various colleges call them (nearly each place has a pet name for the scrubs, some Rabelaisian) are unique. There is no other sport that calls for a similar group. They do not exist in baseball; in rowing, the junior varsity has its own schedule with special events in each regatta.

The scrubs of football are the most anonymous of players. Their uni-

*If you've gone to Gorham's for your fine silver . . . If you've found your gems of other years at Black, Starr & Frost . . . Or if you've never been to either and wonder about the meaning of this merger . . .*

*Come and see for yourself. Our new shop is an inspiring place to spend an hour or two—whether you want six silver spoons or a beautiful emerald! For the interior of the old Black, Starr & Frost building has been transformed with richly carved woods and hand-wrought metals into one of the most interesting shops of New York where unusual modern fixtures display jewels and silver in a fashion most convenient and most effective.*

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Ultra modern and slender looking with their high, aristocratic heels, so flattering to the foot! The new feminine mode definitely demands Opera Pumps, and Delman makes them on the inimitable Delman Opera last—in all the newest colors and leathers and exclusive fabrics to harmonize with any costume for daytime or evening wear. Delman buckles complete the charm of Delman Pumps . . . $16.50 to $22.50.

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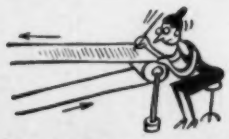


THIS IS MRS. SNOOKS

—one of those uninformed females who still makes up her own Christmas list. We started another picture of Mrs. Snooks attempting to find the various shops, departments and galleries where the things on her list could be bought, but it all got so sad we gave it up.

So we'll just say that in The New Yorker's Christmas Listings you'll find all these places neatly tagged and addressed for you, with all their offerings accurately described. These gift suggestions are so many and varied that most people just clip the list and jot names along the margin. You can begin as early as November 2nd and keep it up until December 21st, when you can take a deep breath and start in on the suggestions for holiday entertainment.

THE NEW YORKER

forms do not have the same colors as those of the varsity squad, and the men are addressed for the most part merely as "You" by the coaches. Day after day they allow themselves to be jumped upon by the stars, and next morning read how "Cagle ran through the scrub team," with never any mention of the names of those whose necks he trod upon. Now and then coaches and alumni hold banquets and call for tributes to the scrubs, and at Princeton there is a plate set in the wall of the fieldhouse reading: "To the Scrubs, past, present, and future, of Princeton football." That, however, is their most substantial reward.

THEIR existence is about the best answer to those who hold that playing football is no fun. The coach will tell you that these men play because they like to, and that being a scrub gives those a bit below the varsity level a chance to get in a game. There is no reason to doubt this. They must be playing for fun.

The scrub himself will tell you confidentially that his men are far smarter than the varsity's. "They spend an entire season trying to learn one kind of football," he will say. "We learn a different brand each week. You can't tell me we don't know more football at the end of the season." One man at Yale, who had played second-team football for two or three years, claimed he was going to apply for a commission in the army. "I've been on more Army football teams than most of the men graduating at West Point."

That he probably had is one result of the scouting system and the elaborate strategy modern football requires. Scouts come back with reports of West Point plays, and the unfortunate scrubs promptly don West Point jerseys and make believe they are cadets for a week or two. Sometimes various second-team backs even wear the names of famous opposing players on their jerseys. One of Princeton's opponents had their best scrub back wear Slagle's name for a week. When Thursday came, this unfortunate sat wanly on the ground after a scrimmage,

• •

# "What is fashion without fashionable toiletries?"

## *Lucretia Vanderbilt*

*answers this important question for the women of America*

Fashion in toiletries is as essential as fashion in dress. And my modern creations, known as Lucretia Vanderbilt Toiletries, are fully in keeping with the mode of today and tomorrow.

Originally compounded for my personal use, these Aristocrats of Toiletries were but recently introduced to the fashionable women of America.

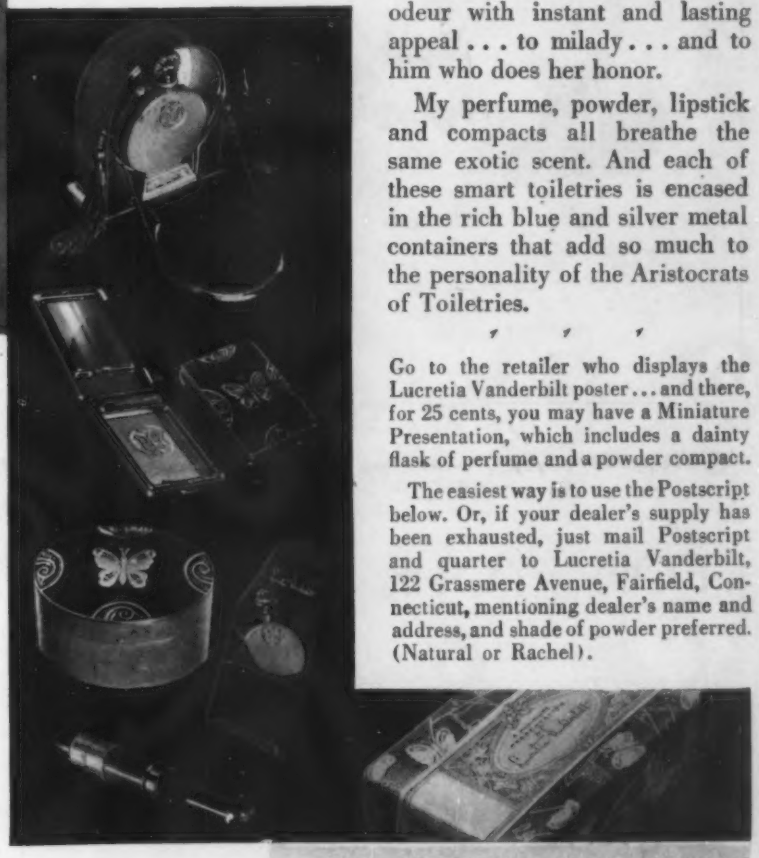
And now I will reveal the secret of their popularity! A seductive, provocative odeur that suggests all the mystery, the gayety, the charm of old France . . . an odeur with instant and lasting appeal . . . to milady . . . and to him who does her honor.

My perfume, powder, lipstick and compacts all breathe the same exotic scent. And each of these smart toiletries is encased in the rich blue and silver metal containers that add so much to the personality of the Aristocrats of Toiletries.

* * *

Go to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for 25 cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

The easiest way is to use the Postscript below. Or, if your dealer's supply has been exhausted, just mail Postscript and quarter to Lucretia Vanderbilt, 122 Grassmere Avenue, Fairfield, Connecticut, mentioning dealer's name and address, and shade of powder preferred. (Natural or Rachel).



**PERFUME:** The smartest of perfumes. Sensually oriental. Comes in a gorgeous blue Parisian crystal flask with silvered base, in fadeproof satin receptacle, lined in silver. In two sizes: $7.50 and $10. Refills: $4 and $6.

**FACE POWDER:** In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Scented with Lucretia Vanderbilt Perfume. The downy velour puff is fastened in and kept separate from the powder. Price $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

**DOUBLE COMPACT:** Contains powder, Natural or Rachel, and rouge in Medium, Crimson, or Vivid. When opened, the thin metal case reveals powder, rouge and mirror, a handy and time-saving feature. Price, with metal mirror and two puffs of downy wool, in sheepskin case, $2.50. Refills of each item, 50¢.

**TRIPLE COMPACT:** Identical with my Double Compact, except that a dainty Lucretia Vanderbilt Lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

**LIPSTICK:** Four shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite. The latter, when applied, changes from an orange tint to vivid red, according to skin texture. This stick moves in and out, pencil-fashion. Price, $1. Refills, 50¢.

**PERFUME:** *Purse Size;* My seductive perfume, in a dainty flask for the purse. Encased in soft leather of rich blue . . . quite the smartest and most intimate of beauty accessories. Price $2.50.

Lucretia Vanderbilt

POSTSCRIPT TO RETAILER:

Madame is entitled to one of my Miniature Presentations of 50¢ value for 25¢. Kindly give her every attention.

*Customer's Name* _____

*Address* _____

N.Y. Oct. 29

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you

have done a hole in one . . . *be*

*nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

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pointed at the letters on his jersey, and grunted, "Don't you guys know I'm only fooling?"

PRIMARILY, perhaps, the scrubs are doing it for fun, but there is always the hope that some day the coach will stop practice, point at one of them, and say, "Pull on a varsity jersey." This has happened, and continues to happen each season. Jimmy Knox, Harvard's veteran scout, and coach of the scrubs—all the big colleges have their own scrub coaches—has claimed that one of the main purposes of a scrub team is to provide new material for the varsity. "The history of the second team since the war," he said, "shows that each year an average of seven men who have been members of the second squad have subsequently earned their varsity 'H;' and, of course, there are others who have made the varsity squad but have not actually won insignia."

At Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and some of the other universities, there have been attempts in recent years to make separate schedules for the second teams, with outside games. The Big Three all play some, and men getting into them win special kinds of letters.

The annual second-team game between Yale and Princeton caused some confusion the first year the two agreed not to scout each other. No one had taken the scrubs into consideration. When they met, the day before the varsity game, it was discovered, to everybody's embarrassment, that the stands held all of the coaches of each side. The situation was saved, however, when Princeton's scrubs began using Yale plays and Yale, Princeton plays. Despite the non-scouting agreement, the second strings had gone on imitating rivals. The coaches had simply used what they remembered from other years. —R. F. K.

•

In the May issue of Motor News we inadvertently mentioned winter oil as being heavy in an item concerning filling the crankcase with new oil for summer. Obviously this is an oversight although winter oil is usually heavy from low temperature. We trust that no one was confused as to the relative weights of summer and winter oil, the former being of course the heavier of the two because of the high temperature of the motor during hot weather.—*Motor News.*

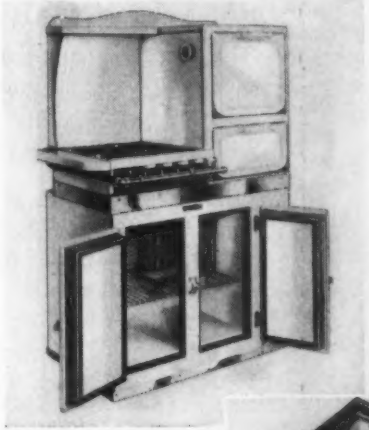
There, there, it's *all* right. Just go to sleep now, and tell us about it when you wake up.

# IMPORTANT FACTS

## *about automatic refrigeration in the modern apartment kitchen*

YESTERDAY apartment hunters merely asked if the refrigeration was automatic. Today they want to know more than that. They ask "Is it the Gas Refrigerator?" Hundreds of the newer, finer apartments are Electrolux-equipped. Tens of thousands of these refrigerators used in metropolitan New York alone.

This decided preference is built on a foundation of solid facts. Below we give you these facts clearly and quickly.



*Combination Electrolux and gas range. Holds plenty of food, makes 40 ice cubes.*

NOISELESS, because it has no moving parts, no machinery—just a tiny gas flame.

DEPENDABLE, and free from trouble. Needs no attention.

COSTS less to operate than any other form of refrigeration. Average operating cost in metropolitan district so low it averages only about two dollars per month.

PLENTY of ice cubes; a cold refrigerator temperature that varies scarcely at all. There is no machinery to stop and start.

SAFE, because gas shuts off automatically if flame goes out, stays off until you turn it on again. Refrigerant is sealed inside a rigid one-piece metal unit. Refrigerant never needs replacement.

LASTS indefinitely because there is no friction to cause vibration and wear.

These statements represent strong claims. But they are literally true. They are facts proved by test in nationally known laboratories and attested by tens of thousands of delighted owners today.

Don't buy an automatic refrigerator until you visit your gas company's display room and see Electrolux in operation. Examine the various models, sizes and colors—including Crystal Green and Silver Grey as well as gleaming white. And before you rent a new apartment, make sure that it is Electrolux-equipped.

Let us send you further interesting information, completely illustrated. Just write or phone us. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City. Telephone Vanderbilt 5700.

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THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

*Among the hundreds of modern metropolitan apartment houses that are Electrolux-equipped is this one, located at 128 Ft. Washington Rd.*



*A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.*

# *These* **FOUR STEPS** *to loveliness*

SO many promises, so many claims, no wonder the average woman is at loss what beauty counsel to follow!

We hear of marvelous new creams which promise a beauty miracle overnight. We read of amazing new unguents which are going to revolutionize all beauty methods. We are led to try this bottle and that jar hoping against hope that it contains the magic potion.

The scientific truth of the whole matter is that no single preparation can perform each separate function of a sound beauty method. There are four distinct steps that require four perfectly balanced preparations for the proper care of the normal skin . . . These steps are: *a*—cleansing; *b*—nourishing; *c*—bracing; *d*—finishing.

### *The famous Primrose House Method*

Primrose House was founded by a little group of society women who had grown dissatisfied with haphazard beauty methods.

The Primrose House Preparations and the famous Primrose Method are the result of years of scientific study and of long experience with every type of skin . . . Each preparation is made to do one thing. Each is the perfect formula for its special work. . . . And each formula is different. Look at the various preparations yourself. See them, feel them. They are entirely different because they are made to do different work.

With four balanced preparations used according to the Primrose House Method, which is easy to follow, any woman with an average skin can see great improvement in her complexion in a short time.

### *Give this method a fair trial*

The four preparations applied in the four successive steps are all the average woman needs to have a lovely complexion. For special skin conditions we have worked out corrective formulae and special treatments which we will gladly outline at your request.

The Primrose House Method is so simple that any woman can easily follow it in her own home. Get in the habit of performing daily the four simple functions that every skin needs. It does not take any longer to do it right and your complexion will reward you for the proper care.

### *Write for this valuable book*

In "Here Dwells Youth", Primrose House outlines for you its famous treatment method and lists its preparations for every type of skin. Send for your copy now. PRIMROSE HOUSE, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.

# *Primrose House*

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

# COURT GAMES

*Shifts and Shakeups*

LAST year the Fraternity Club was admitted to the ranks of Class A for the first time; this year, according to Norman F. Torrance, secretary of the National Squash Tennis Association, the Park Avenue Squash Club will also enter a team in Class A. Another change announced by Mr. Torrance is the dropping of the Shelton and Heights Casino Clubs from Class C. Shelton always labored under the disadvantage of being a more or less transient hotel; last season it lost eleven out of thirteen matches, and now, to make things still more dreary, Al Walker, its professional, has left. Heights Casino has transferred its interest from squash-tennis to squash-racquets.

As partial compensation, one new team has been admitted to Class C—Block Hall, an eating club in South William Street frequented largely by insurance men. Under the guidance of Charles Costello, who used to be the Crescent A. C. professional, its members are taking an active interest in squash-tennis.

AT the Columbia Club, Ernest Clark expects his Class A team to consist of the following: Rowland Haines, who played thirty-five matches last year and thirty-one the year before; Jerome Kerbeck, Murray Lee, Dallas Haines, John D. Kennedy, Gardner Hirons, and Edward C. McLoughlin. The last, ranked in Class B last year, takes the place of R. H. Rheutter, who becomes No. 1 man on the Class B team. The others are Jerry Lang, Nelson Alexander, H. G. Larson, J. N. Cole, Peter Grimm, and Paul Grieg, the only new player on the team. Norman C. Willett is first substitute.

There will be three or four new faces on the Class C team: C. R. Ince, Lawrence Hasbrouck, E. A. Myer, and F. R. Hansen. Hansen won the C championship of the club last year although he never bothered to go out for the team.

Incidentally, Clark is sticking to his usual opinion that the ball is smaller and heavier than it used to be, and that

COULD BE SWEETER

**If and when you would make romantic offering . . . make Park & Tilford candy your gift. You can of course, give the Ciro or Rue de la Paix with the assurance that either attractive package will delight her eye . . . and the delicious contents, her taste. And what could be sweeter than thus so surely pleasing her whom surely you most wish to please.**

*CIRO*

*The de luxe modernistic candy box, in various colors, containing all French Chocolates in fancy shapes. . . . . $3.50 lb.*

*RUE de la PAIX*

*An unusual assortment of French Chocolates, stuffed fruits and almond paste, all small pieces. $2.00 lb., in 1 and 2 lb. tins.*

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Fifth Ave. *at* 57th St.
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# Go places . . . and do things . . . in Havana . . .

How about that trip to Havana you've been threatening to take? Go this winter . . . before the bloom is off your desire. You will thrill to the skill of Cubans playing their favorite indoor sport . . . Jai Alai. You'll strike an eager attitude on the terrace of the Jockey Club . . . and thrillingly anticipate the gait of your favorite—as the thorobreds flash by, neck and neck, on one of the most beautiful tracks in the world. You'll golf 'mid palms and swim in turquoise seas. In this land of warm, generous sunshine and dreamy, delicious moonlight . . . sport does the unexpected—it stirs the tropical languor.

Sail Dec 26th or 27th on either of Cunard's famous trans-Atlantic sisters, the Caronia or Carmania, or any Wednesday or Saturday thereafter. Minimum round trip rates first class only $175. All-expense tours of 9 to 20 days' duration from $193 up.

Go places . . . and do things . . . Via Cunard

See Your Local Agent or 25 Broadway, N. Y.

**CUNARD**
HAVANA
SERVICE


it is practically impossible to knock it to the front wall a second time. Levan Richards, of Spalding, is equally emphatic in stating that there has been no change, either in size or weight. Before the war, the ball had a linen cover, instead of the present cotton one; rallies were longer and the game was more scientific.

THE Yale Club teams have chosen their captains for the coming season. Robert J. Larner succeeds H. V. Crawford as Class A leader; in Class B the mantle of Malcolm Scott descends upon W. W. Holden, who was ranked in Class C last year; while in Class C, David Dibbell succeeds Fergus Reid, Jr., captain of last year's undefeated team. Reid is playing in Class B this fall; other ex-C players, now in B, are Norman Dodd, F. A. Potts, and Prescott Evarts.

PROMOTIONS from Class B to Class A, besides McLoughlin in the Columbia Club, are Stuart M. Sperry, of Princeton; Charles N. Edge, of Fraternity; Barnwell Elliott and J. C. Lyons, of the New York A. C., and Reginald F. Pearson, bright star of the Short Hills Club in New Jersey, who thus leaps into the anomalous position of being the only Class A player in his club, and probably in all New Jersey.

SQUASH-TENNIS enthusiasts who place their faith in statistics may gain confidence in the future of the game from the following figures: Three years ago the National Asso-

**RECTOR'S ON WHEELS**

Filet Mignon, a la Stanley! Onion soup au gratin! In days of yore discriminating people turned to Rector of Broadway to enjoy them at their best.

The travel intelligentsia going westward from Chicago find Rector service on the dining cars of The Milwaukee Road where Mr. George Rector now presides as director of cuisine.

**THE NEW OLYMPIAN**

leads the fleet of famous trains affording meals by Rector. Incidentally the Olympian is faster now—63 hours between Chicago and Seattle—and is the *only* transcontinental roller-bearing train.

Going West? You'll find it profitable to consult us. West wise travel specialists take pleasure in serving you. Come in or phone.

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CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA

ciation officially recognized two hundred and eighty-four players; in the 1927-28 season there were three hundred and twenty-nine; last year there were four hundred and two.

—G. T. H.

•

## CONJUGATION

I sleep, thou sleepest
It sleeps—
A dream that nobody
Keeps.

We wake, you wake
They wake;
A desperate
Mistake.

A dream is pure
And mural,
While living life
Is plural,

And three or four-
Dimensional,
With number and tense
Declensional.

So then I try
To live
In the
Infinitive,

To love, to learn
To die.
No heroine
Am I,

But the subjunctive
Mood
Still offers something
Good—

So, might I, if I,
Should I
By chance, perhaps,
And could I,

Dispense with "if"
And "maybe"—
I'd have a black-eyed
Baby.

—ANGELA CYPHER

•

LONDON, Sept. 9.—Eighty burly London policemen were swept off their feet tonight by a mad rush of women bent on catching a glimpse of Miss Gloria Swanson as she entered the new Gallery Cinema in Regent Street. "I will see her if I am killed for it," cried one young woman who led the attack.—*The Times.*

See Swanson and die.

With the new Princesse frock and tucked-in blouse styles, your waistline is no longer a secret. But the Lily of France Duo-Sette models the waist into slenderness—the hips into youth's firm lines!

Lily of France

*Any quality store will fit you.*

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, OCT. 21

MIDSEASON COLLECTIONS DASH ALL HOPE OF REVIVING LAST YEAR'S CLOTHES. LELONG PUTS THE DAYTIME SKIRT LENGTH AT TWELVE INCHES FROM THE GROUND. EVEN SPORTS SKIRTS ARE GOING FEMININE. PATOU PROMISES LITTLE CHANGE IN LINE BUT LIGHTER COLORINGS. SMARTEST WOMEN IN PARIS IDENTIFIED BY WHITE EVENING CLOTHES, OFTEN ON NIGHTGOWN LINES; BY IMMENSE MUFF PURSES; BY WAIST-LENGTH NECKLACES OF PORCELAIN BIRD'S-EGG BEADS; AND BY SUEDE SHOES DYED TO MATCH COLORED COATS. B. M.

PARIS, OCT. 16

RIGHT in the midst of the Paris collections of afternoon clothes of chiffon and silver fox, the first rain in weeks and weeks sent me on a hurried dash to the house of Leda, whose designers have taught us how to put crêpe de Chine, satin, and even velvet to ultra-fashionable rainy-day uses.

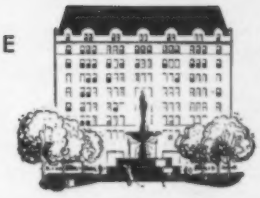
There is certainly nothing galoshy about the looks of the raglan coat named Monique, made of a light grayish-green velvet. The velvet is rubberized—a process that leaves it firm enough to look thoroughly in the picture, yet not standing out in stiff crinkles around your shoulders. The lining is a heavy white tussor, with grand woven Chinese designs in green; it is hemmed separately from the coat itself, all the better to hang straight. Monique, by other names, appears in other pastels, and in dark browns and grays.

There are dozens of ways to battle with the depression that bad weather brings on: Extra lengths of rubberized velvet, crêpe de Chine, or satin to match whatever coat you're wearing—to take to a milliner to be made up into a really smart beret. . . . Leather coats made of lamb that is no bulkier or heavier than a light tweed. . . . Raglan coats of bright plaid kasha with scarf collars long enough to tie into big bows; the whole coat is lined with drap de soie (a lightweight version of covert cloth, and rainproof) and is made reversible, in case the day goes stormy on you.

I DON'T mean to harp on this gloomy subject, but there is a Champcommunal tweed coat that is perfect for disgusting weather. It is made of one of those diagonal tweeds that are as thick and soft as a blanket—straight coat, straight sleeves, and a cutaway cape reaching to the elbows, fitted into the shoulders with inverted tucks. In place of the collar there is a single thickness of the tweed, about two inches wide, just long enough to tie once at the front of your neck. The whole thing is light enough to wear over a suit, and yet warm enough for any weather. The dress that goes with it is a finer weave of the same diagonal tweed. The ensemble consequently gives the effect of rust color, but really is a mixture of red and gray threads.

NOW that's over, there is a little more cheerful news about the Champcommunal red lace evening dress, which is the answer to all the short women who are crying about long skirts making them look dumpy. In spite of the princesse line around the waist and the ankle-length skirt, there are two puffed folds put in at about the height of your wrists that emphasize

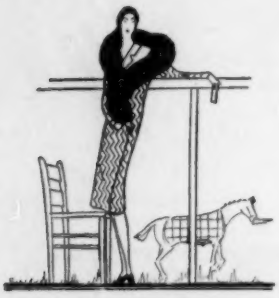
*"Listen, Eth—I got to go—will you take this forty-six bust forty-nine hip for me?"*

ON THE  PLAZA

The Shoe Salon is showing original shoes . . . introducing to the world of fashion Bergdorf Goodman's idea of correct and perfectly designed footwear. Evening slippers with the prevailing keynote of daintiness, shoes for afternoon, for street wear, for sport, which enable the smart woman to put the final touch to her ensemble.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK



**TWEEDS**

**gathered from the four corners of the Continent!**

The Jay-Thorpe Sport Shop knows its tweeds. You can begin with the new chocolate-tone bouclés . . . the snow-flecked tans . . . the bright green and red cheviots, and not find a single classic "tweed for tweed's sake" model in the collection! These are European woolens—ensembles, coats and sheer tweed dresses—that will be individual even in a football crowd. And that's the final test—for the Great Football Saturdays are upon us!

*Ensembles and coats from 175.00. The matching tweed turban, from 28.00*

Jay-Thorpe

24 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK


the long unbroken line above. At the back, the skirt trails the ground and is slashed to above the knees, showing a lot of inverted pleats of red tulle. Sounds complicated, but is definitely heightening.

JUST by way of showing how she stands on the question of skirt lengths, Augustabernard has gone beyond the midseason collections and added seven new evening dresses to her show, all with skirts down to the ankles. As someone remarked, the *chemise de nuit* type of evening clothes is a success in Paris, no matter what the rest of the world does with it. You see dresses on these Augustabernard lines everywhere in town, now that the theatres and night clubs are open again. There are fewer in white than in dull, awfully pale pinks, blues, and greens, and in vivid prune, chartreuse, a bright periwinkle, grass green, and wine reds.

These seven new dresses are especially clever in that they are all made with skirts in an overlapping-panel arrangement, with the panels slashed to the knees but revealing only in motion. Augustabernard has a trick of folding and tying the material at the centre of the waistline at the back to give an effect of the décolletage being actually tied down to the waist.

One black velvet dinner dress, with a little short bustle-like apron at the back, has a jacket that is removable but doesn't look it. One dark green suit with a long coat has a white crêpe blouse with a Grecian neckline that surprises you with its lowness at the rear. One purple chiffon evening dress has two perfectly usable patch pockets. And there are any number of dresses, of the dinnerish, afternoon kind, that have elbow-length—or even shorter—sleeves. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

WHEN the millinery world is talking about anything that is intelligible to the layman, you will find that the conversation usually involves something called the "beret," which article of headgear has taken unto itself a variety of designs unknown in its humble Basque days. You might as well realize that everything, from the tight bathing-cap type, unadorned, to the tight cap disguised with flares, bows, draperies, and other eccentricities, is being genially classified under this name; and, of all the millinery ever conceived, the hat with the skullcap as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A wholesale bootlegger knew a good forger. Whenever the bootlegger needed money to buy liquor, he had the forger draw a check on a bank in the bootlegger's name. This went on for some time. One night the bootlegger was high-jacked and lost his liquor. He protested the last check as a forgery, which it was. The bank called in McIntyre. He proved the fraud and saved the bank a $6,000 loss. If there is anything in your business or private life which needs investigation, McIntyre will handle it efficiently, quickly—and without publicity. *Unimpeachable references.*

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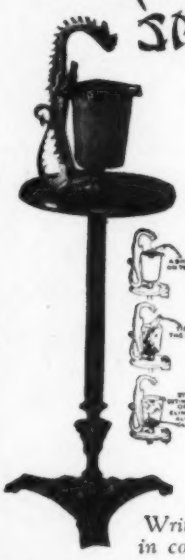

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*Write for circular N in colors with price list.*

*from the* SCROLL ART STUDIOS

BRIDGEPORT··· CONN.

a basis is the most difficult to wear, unless it has been made to fit your head, and no one else's.

SUEDES and velvets are the fabrics of which Bergdorf-Goodman are making some of their most enchanting winter hats. There are some tiny suede ones—in any color you like, to harmonize with any woollen ensemble—that are off the forehead, tight to the head, unadorned, and descend just low enough below the ears to make for surprising becomingness. You may also purchase suede hats after Descat—turned back in front and having ruffled width at the sides; or a skullcap with fullness pulled down flat over one ear. Among the velvets, the ones that most enthralled this observer were: (1) a tight cap with an enormous squared-off Alsatian bow in back; (2) a draped hat from Mado, shallow in the crown, and draped wide at the sides so that there is no hugging of the head above the ears at all—a vague description of an enchanting chapeau; (3) a hat of velvet ribbon, close to the head around the front, and having flaring width at the sides.

They are doing lots of things with fur here; either as trimming or composing the entire hat in a way that doesn't, somehow, look clumsy. They love to combine three or four different shades, ranging from light beige to brown, in the same hat; or to do things with black and white fur in combinations that will be tremendously chic, particularly for older women. In addition, they have little close toques of felt, trimmed with black Persian lamb like a Russian tiara; another has the fur making a little chignon in back; still another Cossack thing, off the forehead, has a turned-back brim entirely of fur a good six inches wide.

Agnès contributes several surprises: a shallow-crowned wide-brimmed floppy felt, the back of the brim lined with a marabou fringe shading from orange to yellow; a little cap of white crochet wool, almost entirely openwork; and a knitted thing like a skating cap, with ends that either wind around and tie in front or form one of her favorite bows at the nape of the neck.

Those of you who love extremes, ask to see a hat by Aarof—a very wide and long brim, turned up in front, and shirred so that it ripples a great deal in back.

ANYONE who wants to see a small but perfectly selected group of smart and well-bred clothes is often

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referred by this department to Gervais, at 16 East Forty-eighth Street. This shop is fondly thought of as the personal discovery of at least six thousand young women, the chic-est that the town produces. If you can pick your way through the Park Avenue accents that abound here, there are several things I am sure you will particularly want for your very own. One is a coat by Chanel—of green wool, very slim and straight and 1929 at the bottom, and having a "Sweet Adeline" shoulder cape of nutria-dyed lapin as the surprise. There is a costume consisting of a two-piece satin dress with a demure pleated skirt, and a gray tweed jacket having a prim border of black galliac. For those Sunday night functions, look at a black velvet dress from Patou, the skirt all ruffles descending in the back, the décolletage demure in front and deep in the rear, and little elbow-length sleeves finished with ruffles to complete it; one of the more unexpected dresses, and absolutely *dernier cri*. Paquin contributes one of those breath-taking black satin evening frocks, perfectly simple and slithery in front, with the little jagged slashes in the hemline that this designer loves, a décolletage in back that descends below the waist, and two pouf bows below the widest part of you that turn at the side back into a train. For gracious daytimes, a straight little dress of black wool, with sleeves, a deep zigzag yoke, and a bow in front, of turquoise crêpe (you can have any color combination you like, of course). For evenings when femininity is the best policy, Vionnet's black satin dress, molding the figure and having the deep V-décolletage formed of pink satin, is grand. And for all the time, a little wool dress from Chanel with a white piqué collar (no, not that one), a circular skirt, and a belt starting at each side of the waistline in front. These are just a few of the things here, but if a fairy godmother started hovering around my home, they would certainly be prominent in the amazing wardrobe I would order. —L. L.

## THIS AND THAT

*Pul-eeze—The Great Discovery of the Age—Caviar and Baby Lipsticks for the General*

STARTING next week, and gathering momentum from then on, the columns in this region of THE

NEW YORKER will blossom forth into lists and lists of Christmas suggestions of the type that were of such unimaginable assistance to all you forehanded people last year. In advance, this department raises great pleading eyes to yours and entreats those who use our suggestions (and, mind, you don't have to) to help us out to the following extent.

In the first place, we always feel that part of our great charm is our inefficiency. We never remember in what issue and what page we discussed "that place for lingerie;" so save your copies. We have no vast files of back numbers to send you. Please do not telephone; for us artists just rush in here to do three hours' work in twenty minutes. And, another thing, we have no shopping bureau at all at all. Our friends will also take note of the fact that, however benighted our point of view, if we say we like a thing in print, it means we like it. All persons saying confidentially, "But did you *really* like that compact you praised last week?" will be immediately turned over to the Arabs.

Meanwhile, before we get to the grim business of organized impulsive gifts, there are a few odds and ends of information you may choose to devour.

I DON'T know what the experience of other people is, but my woe with almost all mascaros is that they look dandy when you put them on in the privacy of the boudoir and, exactly two hours later, smudge under the eyes in a manner that adds exactly ten years to the age of anybody, besides giving a sooty appearance. Maybe I'm just naturally badly groomed. For the likes of me, however, the great discovery of the age is a mascaro called Cameo, created by Katharine MacDonald and first used in the wicked and alluring studios of California. It honestly stays just where it is put, without straying, until cold cream removes it. You can cry and cry and rub your eyes; you can go to sleep with it on; you can dash around in the rain duck shooting—and your lashes remain just as they looked when you first applied it. I gave it all the acid tests, and am now raising my voice in jubilation. Saks-Fifth Avenue's spacious cosmetic counter is distributing this boon to lovely womanhood.

ROSE LAIRD, one of the supreme artists in making your skin and hair its most glamorous best, is now en-


SEND FOR IT

*a history of*

THE CAPTURE OF APPETITEVILLE

HERE is a stirring account of the capture, but most people use shakers. It is thrilling to read about and still more enlivening to experience.

The snappy, tangy taste of Martini & Rossi Vermouth sets the stage for many a tasty lunch, many a satisfying dinner. It is something apart from the wet and dry question. One can make the most appetizing legal cocktails, salads, sauces, dessert.

Deliberately address a note or postcard for the Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes and Score Pad to us . . . you will find both entertaining. Two kinds of Martini & Rossi Vermouth: Italian dry and French extra dry . . . often combined. Address W. A. Taylor & Co., 94N Pine Street, New York, N. Y. . . . and see your food shop.

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*For natural loveliness*

The modern woman runs a little stick of magic gently over her lips. Gradually they begin to glow—not with the color of the lipstick—but blush-rose! Nature's own youthful bloom!

Once more she applies the lipstick . . . the color deepens, becomes richer. No trace of grease or pigment. Nothing except a lovely glow, so beautiful, so natural it seems part of her own lips . . . and, indeed, it is—for Tangee is permanent as the day is long.

**PRICES**—Tangee Lipstick in gun-metal case $1, in superb gold and black enamel case $2.50, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee Crême Rouge $1, Tangee Day Cream $1, Tangee Night Cream $1, and Tangee Face Powder, including the smart new shade, Tangee Tan $1.

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

*Ask for* TANGEE, *and be sure you see the name* TANGEE.

sconced in new quarters at 785 Fifth Avenue, of which more anon. . . . Johnson & Johnson are out with a new toothbrush called Tek, which has yards of dental floss secreted in the handle. The brush is dandy, and the fact that the dental floss is right there under your hand serves as a highly practical reminder. . . . Football-game addicts should do things about the Snuggle Rug, the ideal thing in individual auto robes. The smartest are in steamer-rug plaid woollens. As you know, they are bags that come comfortably up to the waistline, zip up the side, and prevent any cold air from reaching you, even in an open roadster. They make them for babies, too. No house complete without them. . . . The five-and-ten-cent stores are selling jars of caviar at their highest price. In tiny letters on the box they explain as how it is a caviar substitute, but the taste is pretty nice. They also have a baby Tangee lipstick, just the size of a 22 cartridge, that is sort of fun. What won't these bright people think of next! —L. L.

## AS TO MEN

*Neat But Not Costly—That English Cut—A Few of the Tailors*

YOU are always hearing about men who manage to look well-dressed without spending a great deal of money on their clothes. This is how they say they do it: they choose comparatively unknown, inexpensive tailors of a class that is more than anxious to satisfy customers' whims; that is, tailors who do not specialize on one type of cut but are willing to make any kind of a suit the customer wants. This may or may not be an advantage, depending on how much the customer knows about clothes, how clearly he can state his wishes, and how clever the cutter is about carrying them out. There are many firms who can do well by you if you are initiated, obviously too many to list even in a paragraph or two. I mention a few later whose customers seem pleased.

SOMETIMES a layman will demand the impossible. For instance, he cannot have squared shoulders without a lot of padding; if he demands a deep armhole, a high armhole is necessary; a deep one will pull the shoulder and break it in no time. If a man wants his pleated trousers to hang properly, he must wear suspenders. If he wants the body of his jacket to fit snugly

STRENUOUS WINTER is just ahead. Before it catches you in its whirl, take a bracer—come to the *"Cavalier."*

Crisp sea air and a glistening beach—riding through the clean, sweet breath of pines—great golf all winter on a thrilling course—the freshening touch of the sea pool's water—*"Cavalier"* cuisine—content for the *"inner man."*

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It's hot. It's blue. It's jazzy. It's JOLSON. *No.* 4400.

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—and on the reverse—

*Used to You. No.* 4401

HEAR
DAVEY LEE

tell
SONNY BOY'S
BEAR STORY
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The cutest nursery tale ever told—all about the drate big bears and the 'ittle boy in the tree—told by the screen's youngest and most sensational star—Davey Lee. He laughs, he talks, he sings in Brunswick's masterful recording of—*Sonny Boy's Bear Story.* *No.* 4491.

without appearing waisted, he should have it nipped in, not at the actual waistline, but about an inch above it. This is where the button should be placed.

IN case you are interested, some of the chief differences between English and American clothes, besides the fact that English clothes fit more snugly without being uncomfortably tight, are that English sleeves are narrower, especially at the cuff, and they are pressed round without any crease (try to persuade your pressing tailor to do it); the trousers are more roomy, usually have pleats at the waistband, and are always wider at the knee than at the cuff. The breast pockets, both inside and out, are placed so high that no matter how deep they are, they do not break the waistline.

DONALD HOPKIN, 520 Fifth Avenue, is a firm that was started with the idea of helping young businessmen dress the part. It is run by two partners, university men themselves, who realized that the clothes which make a great hit at college are often unsuitable for a business office. So they set out to make clothes that were more mature without being too conservative or too extreme. Their own experience allows them to see their customers' point of view, and fits them to give practical advice.

The average price of their suits is $75, though they have some for $65 and others up as high as $105, depending on the fabric. Their overcoats begin at $80 for a dark blue cheviot with a herringbone weave. These prices are reasonable, and are explained partly by the fact that theirs is an entirely cash business with no charge accounts.

Most of the materials are imported and the stock includes unfinished worsteds, sharkskins, and plain colored twills in an extraordinary number of shades of brown, gray, and blue. These are for business suits, of course; there are shetlands and hand-woven Irish homespuns and Harris tweeds for sports suits.

They have started to make riding breeches this year and have engaged the services of an English cutter who knows all about how much width to allow in the seat, how many buttons may show above the boot top, when and where certain kinds of riding clothes should be worn—all matters of great importance to the reputation of a horseman. Breeches cost from $55

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~ or ~
HOLLOW-een

WHAT if you can't dig up any witches, wells or pumpkins for an orthodox Hallowe'en—... you can at least side step a HOLLOW-*een* with BILD-A-WORD.

You'll find every one ready, willing and able to take a hand in BILD-A-WORD, the latest and greatest of all card games.

Then, keep the set for the children, they'll use it to advantage, for nothing equals BILD-A-WORD for broadening their vocabulary and *developing* champion spellers.

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Reduced Fall & Winter Rates
Sea Water Swimming Pool-Sun Deck
*Management* Charles D. Boughton

to $65, riding coats from $75 up, and tattersall waistcoats are $18.

DI LEVA & GRIFFO, 500 Fifth Avenue, is a firm that will follow your suggestions closely, if you explain carefully what you want. Suits here start at $75. The method they employ to keep prices down is to carry only a small stock of fabrics. Generally you make your selection from samples. If you cannot find a pattern that suits you, or if you need to see a length of cloth before you can make up your mind, they will be glad to give you a card to one of the big woollen houses where you will find thousands of bolts of material from which to make your choice. I recommend Millbank, Leaman & Company, 2 West Forty-sixth Street, and Howse Mead & Sons, 9 East Thirty-seventh Street.

F. K. MARUYAMA, 67 West Forty-sixth Street, is a little Japanese tailor who turns out very good work. He is extremely proud of his ability to make trousers which hang straight down the back without any sag at the seat. He is clever about copying a suit—you know the story of the missionary in Japan who sent a patched suit for a pattern to a local tailor and found, when it was delivered, that every detail had been faithfully copied, including the patch. Maruyama carries a small stock of fabrics but he also will gladly give you a card to a woollen merchant.

IF price is the most important factor in your choice of a tailor, you might go to the Edward Tailoring Company, 141 West Forty-second Street, where you can get a very decent suit for $38.75. This firm has a different method from the others mentioned; after your measurements are taken, they are sent to Philadelphia, where the suit is finished before you try it on. Therefore, though minor adjustments may be made, it is not possible to fuss much with details or to make any drastic changes. However, very careful measurements are taken, and if you remember to state then exactly what you want, your suit will probably turn out well.

This firm's materials include sharkskins, and worsteds with woven patterns. There are two weights of llama cloth for overcoats, which also sell for $38.75. I was told that this firm makes tail coats and morning coats for $58.75, including the trousers. With these you are given a fitting while the suit is unfinished. —G. McC.

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*double*-SIDE
*double*-QUICK TOASTER

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*"Alas, they tell me the Flit Epidemic on earth this year is the worst in the history of Bugdom."*

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

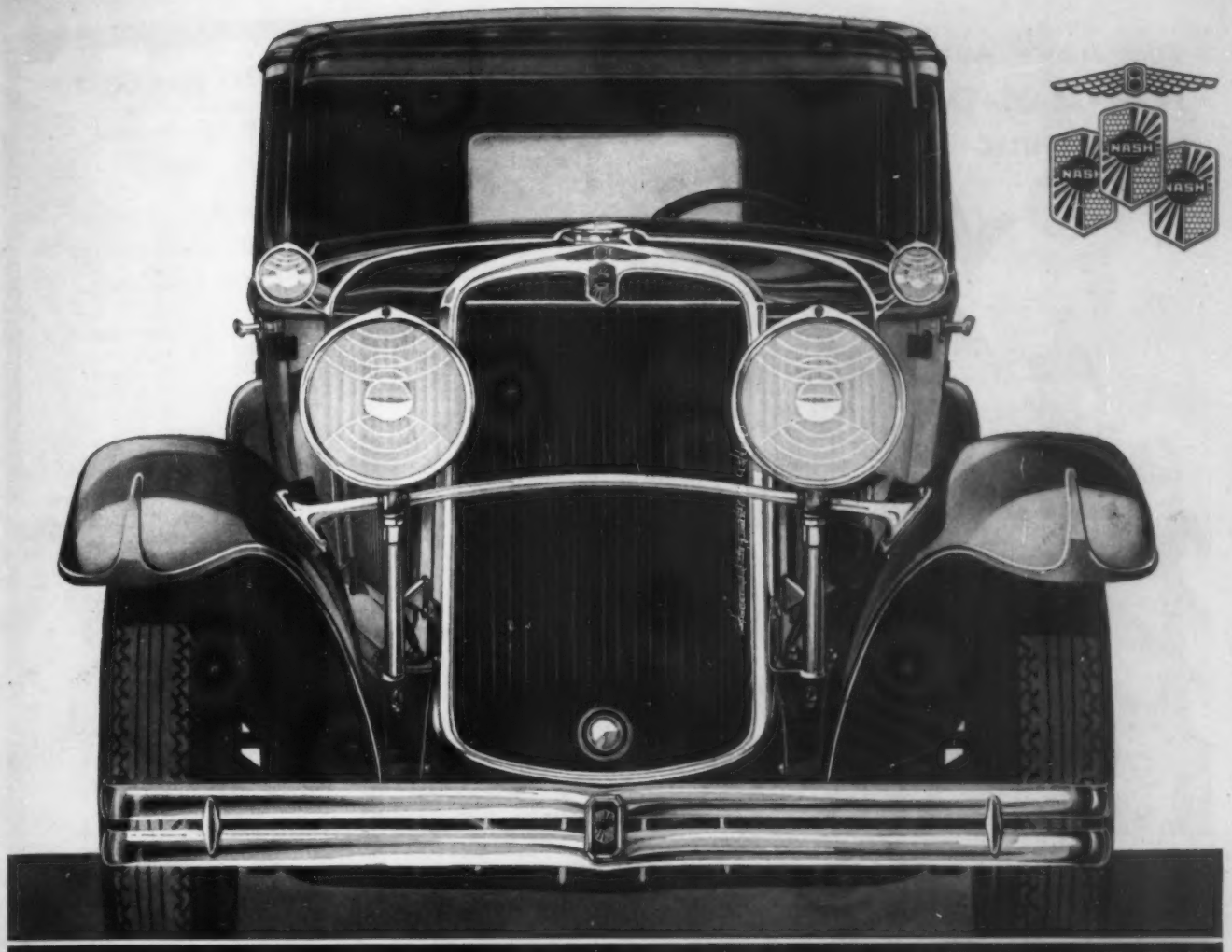
## *Audiences That Don't Sit on Their Hands—The Return of Siloti*

THERE will be no need for a claque at the Opera this season if visitors to Signor Gatti's cathedral are as noisy as some of the early-concert attendants. When I heard a rataplan of applause at Mme. Scheff's reappearance in "Mlle. Modiste," I charged off this manuferation to the excesses of a sentimental first-night assembly, but there was just as much racket at Mr. Siloti's emergence from the privacy of his studio, and there was more than the usual quota of audible commendation and floral approval at the début of Miss Emma Otero. Miss Grace Divine, bowing in as a recitalist in Town Hall, also got a great big hand from the listeners and from the florists.

IN the case of Mr. Siloti, a venerable pianist who studied with Liszt and even had his picture taken with him, the ovation was a mark of respect as well as an acknowledgment of performance. Assisted by a group of Philharmonic-Symphony musicians, directed at intervals by Mr. Paul Stassevitch, Mr. Siloti played the Tschaikowski B-flat minor concerto, the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto, and the Danse Macabre of his master, Liszt—a work in which Mr. Siloti is inimitable. The audience looked like a musical encyclopedia, including Signor Toscanini, Josef Hofmann, Mme. Sembrich, and a flock of lesser notables; and most of the Russian colony was there to lend strident encouragement.

Mr. Siloti, who had not been heard for several years, is a piano player of what is known as the old school. He has complete command of the keyboard, and his occasional descents on wrong notes were the casual errors of a virtuoso. Everything was brilliant and full-toned. It was pianism that harked back many years, far away from the "psychological" practices of such contemporaries as Gieseking and Orloff. A trifle old-fashioned, perhaps, but still vital and sometimes even stirring, this performance.

The gentlemen of the Philharmonic-



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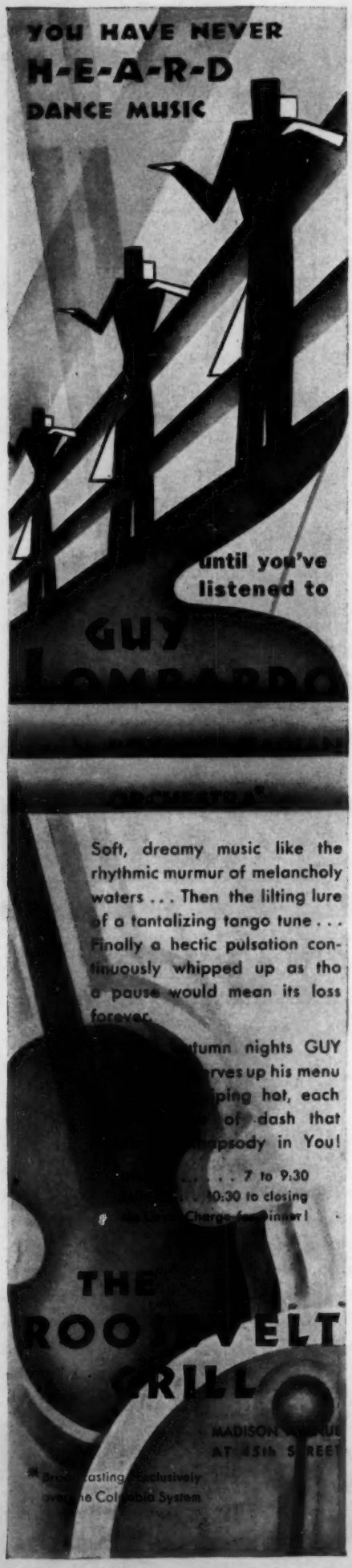
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Symphony must have caused moments of acute discomfort for their brilliant maestro, who observed the proceedings from a parquet chair. Mr. Siloti's tempi are erratic and Mr. Stassevitch, formerly *de facto* leader of the Conductorless Orchestra, seemed to be having a pretty trying time of it. When he was not pursuing Mr. Siloti in the Tschaikowski he was busy with a refractory set of pince-nez. After the first concerto, matters became less flurried, but the orchestral background could not have inspired Mr. Siloti, who saved the show more than once by his complete knowledge of the music.

Presumably this event was in the nature of a comeback for the soloist, and as such it must be recorded as a success.

MISS OTERO, a coloratura soprano from Cuba, did not have so many musical notables on tap at her concert, but there were three candidates for the mayoralty present (Mr. La Guardia was missing, but he probably lost few votes thereby, as the audience did not seem to consist of ballot-casters), as well as a swarm of diplomatic officials. The débutante was occasionally ill at ease—possibly because she attempted several arias which should have remained in her music cabinet—but it was evident that she had a charming voice and a flair for Latin music. This seemed to be a somewhat premature début, but Miss Otero has more than an even chance of becoming a ranking coloratura.

THE recital of Miss Divine looked better than it sounded. Miss Divine is attractive; her accompanist, Miss Evelyn Smith, is attractive; and Miss Charlotte Matthewson Lockwood, who helped out at the Town Hall organ in Miss Divine's first three offerings, also is attractive. Unfortunately, the program, ranging from an air out

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of Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion" to new ditties by David Guion, did not show Miss Divine's voice at its best. On paper, it seemed to be an interesting and unorthodox creation, with groups by Sibelius and Merikanto, but on the platform it was not so inviting. It turned out to be rather an academic session.

Incidentally, if singers must have the assistance of the Town Hall organ, they might as well insist that the console be placed so that the audience is not distracted by the pedal activities of the organist. —R. A. S.

## CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

### *"Aïda" Complete—Two Concertos, Two Basses, and Many Others*

VICTOR's "Aïda," complete in two albums, is one of the most impressive operatic recordings yet issued. First honors go to the conductor, Maestro Carlo Sabajno, who also directed the Victor "Traviata" and "Bohème." He keeps the tempi lively but elastic and he makes his climaxes without straining for them. The chorus of La Scala sings its passages as one might expect—with enthusiasm and euphony—and the recording, except for a few over-driven spots, is first-rate. As usual with Sabajno performances, much of the drama which is not apparent on the stage becomes vivid on the discs.

Aïda is sung by Dusolina Giannini, who never has been heard here in opera, although she has had numerous appearances abroad. Her voice is rich, and she sings convincingly except when the music is too high for her. Irene Menghini-Cattaneo, the Amneris, is a competent mezzo with a touch of tremolo that probably wouldn't get her any kind words in this city, where a tremolo is the worst of possible vocal sins. And rightly! Aureliano Pertile, once a mainstay if not an ornament of the Metropolitan, sings Rhadames with uncommon restraint, even if he joins the large group of tenors who finish "Celeste Aïda" as loudly as possible in spite of the composer's plainly marked intentions. Like Miss Giannini, Pertile is excellent when he doesn't have to reach for top notes. Giovanni Inghilleri, the baritone,


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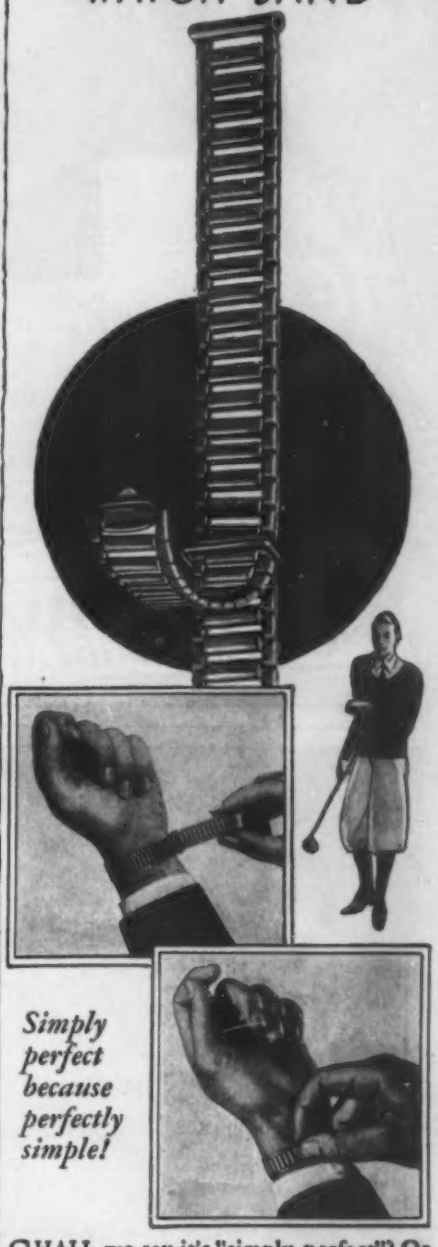

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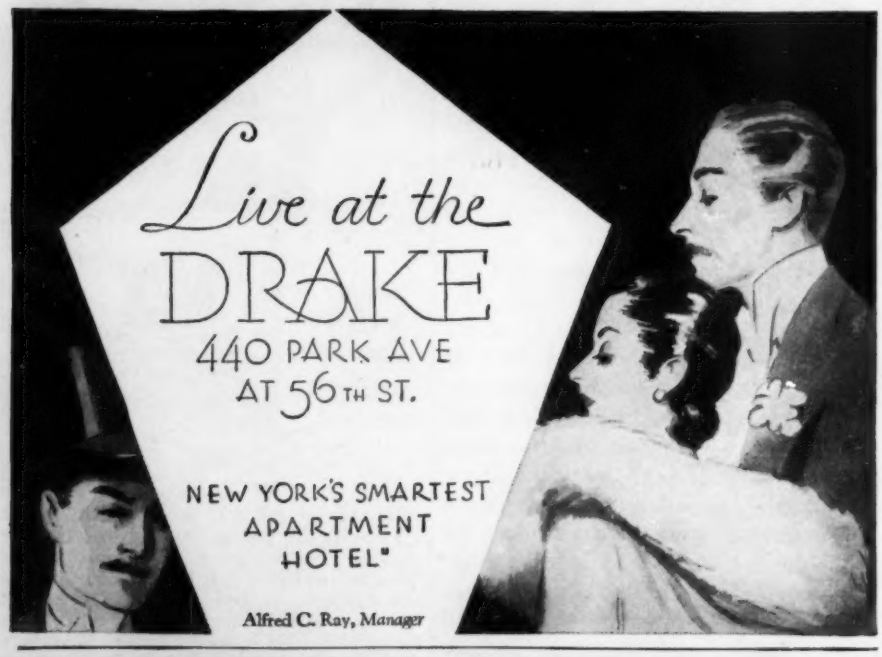


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sings Amonasro lyrically rather than in the usual explosive manner, and Sr. Manfrini, the Ramphis, seems to be an unusually fine bass. The King, according to tradition, gets nowhere with his rôle.

Victor's "Aïda" is worth adding to your collection—and you might make a note of it for your preliminary Christmas list.

Odeon also has issued some "Aïda"—the triumphal scene, on which there will be findings later.

ANOTHER Victor album that you ought to hear is the new electric version of Rachmaninoff's second concerto, played by the composer with the Philadelphia Orchestra. This is one of Victor's great achievements, and the balance between the solo piano and the orchestra is better on the discs than it usually is in concerts. The Philadelphia Orchestra also is represented on the Victor list by a two-record edition of Tschaikowski's "Capriccio Italien," a superlative job, in which Mr. Stokowski rescues this music from its cinema fate and makes it sound not only brilliant but even dramatic.

COLUMBIA has two unusual albums in its latest assortment—the Brahms violin concerto, played by Joseph Szigeti with the Hallé Orchestra, directed by Sir Hamilton Harty, and Tschaikowski's "Pathetic" Symphony by Oscar Fried and the Royal Philharmonic. Szigeti's performance is a curious but effective blend of classic and gypsy styles—exactly the manner for this concerto—and one need never worry about his intonation. Sir Hamilton is one of Columbia's best recording maestri, and the accompaniment is in itself notable. Mr. Fried, who once conducted a few concerts for the late New York Symphony, is a surprise in the "Pathetic," which he leads resoundingly and not at all in the *kapellmeister* vein that he displayed when he was a guest batonist here. Mechanically also, this is the best "Pathetic" now available.

RECORD-COLLECTORS have an opportunity to hear Tancredi Pasero, the Metropolitan's new bass, on a Columbia record prior to his début. He sings two excerpts from "Mefistofele," and he sounds like Something. There is a suggestion of vibrato, but it is not sufficiently serious to make one listen with alarm. Signor Pasero's colleague, Signor Pinza, is on the current Victor roster, with airs from "La

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Forza del Destino" and "Norma," assisted by the Metropolitan Chorus. A tendency to make whooffy is the only flaw in these recordings. Victor also introduces Margherita (née Margaret) Sheridan, an American soprano who has been singing in Italy, with two airs from "Madame Butterfly." Miss Sheridan should be noted for reference, because her voice is fresh and she does not holler. The excerpts are the entrance song and "E Questo," a touching bit out of the second act which is not generally heard out of its context. If you want to hear her in the more familiar "Un Bel Di," Victor has that, too, and it's good.

To collectors of instrumental records, I suggest Moriz Rosenthal's recording of Chopin études and preludes on an Edison double disc (clear, accurate piano-recording); Myra Hess' Bach record for Columbia—the third C-sharp minor prelude and fugue, married to the Allegro from the G minor Toccata; and Felix Salmond's 'cello version of Schumann's "Abendlied" and Debussy's "Minuet," also for Columbia. The best bit of *lieder* singing of the month is Sigrid Onegin's Victor recording of "Du Bist Die Ruh'" (the Schubert setting) and Liszt's "Lorelei." —R. A. S.

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Fair and Lukewarm*

THERE is nothing new in the movie world of any consequence, or even anything that offers much by way of casual entertainment. Probably the best picture of the threadbare collection is "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," at the Paramount at the moment, and that certainly is no knockout. However, the young people and those addicts of the great days of Doyle will get something out of it.

Clive Brook does an excellent William Gillette as the master detective. Mr. Holmes is as cool and suave and composed as ever, smokes his old pipe, and with unfailing dexterity tracks down his old enemy, Professor Moriarty. A large part of the action takes place on an ocean liner, and Mr. Holmes' ability to assume the part of a steward or a bandmaster, or whatever rôle he chooses, should be a lesson to professional stowaways. The story is full of parlor magic, and of the very latest thing in mechanical contraptions—contrivances to tap the Atlantic cable, a cigarette-box with a poisoned needle, a phosphorescent shoe polish which leaves gleaming footprints to betray the enemy's steppings in the dark. "This is no ordinary murder, Watson," Mr. Holmes observes during the film; but it is a rather ordinary picture.

THERE is nothing suave about Harold Lloyd's picture at the Rivoli, entitled "Welcome Danger." I suffered at this entertainment, suffered physically, as though all the whacks upon the skull, of which it largely consists, were thumping upon my own fair frail cranium. There is the usual Lloyd comedy of the precise young man in a predicament, the predicament in this instance consisting of the schemings of a dope ring in the San Francisco Chinatown, a region of secret passages and sliding doors, every turn in every passage providing a proper locale for someone to be thumped on the head. The crash of these smacks is deafening, but a pain in the tympanum is not funny to many.

THE pain aroused by "Marianne," at the Capitol, is spiritual, but


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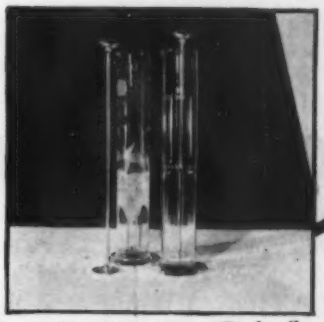

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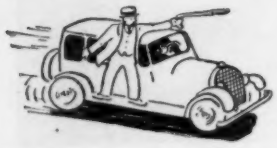

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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Thea. W. 39 St.
Evs. at 8:50. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
DAVID BELASCO presents
"It's a Wise Child"
"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND Eve. Telegram
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

LONGACRE Theatre W. 48th St.
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
L. LAWRENCE WELER Presents
FAVERSHAM
in a Modern Comedy
"Her Friend the King"
by A. E. Thomas and Harrison Rhodes

quite as agonizing. This picture follows in the train of "The Cock Eyed World," a pitiful camp follower, with Marion Davies giving us a desultory Damita, as the French girl in love with an American soldier stationed in her town. There is some singing, Miss Davies looks pretty and, in one instance, smokes a cigar, but the thin plot is endlessly dragged out, and the rough characteristics of the military are stressed with such a complete lack of life that they are only very untasteful and unpleasant. Why Marion Davies should bother with such cheap balderdash escapes my idealistic comprehension.

THERE are a few other trifles about town. "Sailor's Holiday" —I think that's the name—is nothing at all; "A Most Immoral Lady" loses the effectiveness of that interesting blackmail plot by complete lack of finesse; "Rasputin, Prince of Sinners," presented at the Cameo, gives us a Rasputin like the mild-eyed philosopher of a backwoods art colony, and avoids completely all the drama of the famous priest's story. —J. C. M.

•

## WORK FOR THE CENSOR

Rabbits
Have horrid habits;
Shad
Are pretty bad;
Pigeons
Have no religions;
Bees
Expose their knees;
Terrapins
Parade their sins;
Moles
Have damaged souls;
Albatrosses
Are total losses;
Snakes
Are dreadful rakes;
Spiders
Are law-deriders;
Bears
Won't say their prayers.
I'm shocked to see that unabridged zoölogies
Are still permitted in our schools and colleges!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

•

If not convenient to move furniture outdoors to clean, place a damp cloth over the piece of furniture and then beat it.—*Atlanta Journal.*

We're no coward.

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The Celebrated Star of "Kiki," "Lulu Belle" and Other Belasco Hits
LENORE ULRIC
In Her First ALL TALKING Movietone Production
"FROZEN JUSTICE"
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LOUIS WOLHEIM
ROBERT FRAZER
Also Famous Roxy STAGE PROGRAM
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FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—Her.-Trib.
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Evs. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SCHWAB & MANDEL'S 2 GENUINE SUCCESSES
SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
EVELYN HERBERT ROBERT HALLIDAY GUS SHY
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Evs. 8:30 sharp
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

A Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Talking Picture
GEORGE ARLISS
IN
"DISRAELI"
WARNER BROS. THEATRE
B'way & 52d St.
Daily 2:45—8:45
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"You can't help riding along."
—Gilbert Gabriel, American.
SUBWAY EXPRESS
LIBERTY West 42d St. Dir. A. L. Erlanger.
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'WAY
MATS THURS. & SAT.
300 GOOD BALCONY SEATS $1.00
EARL CARROLL'S New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR
"SKETCH BOOK"
featuring WILL MAHONEY WILLIAM DEMAREST THREE SAILORS 50 PRIZE BEAUTIES

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A GESTURE TRULY PARISIAN • With a flip of the *cloisonné* top of *Compacte le Début,* the very essence of Parisian smartness is revealed. For it is in the little subtleties of accessories that the true Parisienne expresses her genius for costume *finesse.* : : : *Compacte le Début* is one of those little niceties of costume by which a woman shows her recognition of Today's mode. For these four exquisite bits of colorful *cloisonné* are particularly designed to complement your ensemble. : : : There is one distinctive in black and gold finish. Another so lovely in green with gold. A third effectively contrasts blue with silver. While still another has the sparkle of silver flecks on white. And . . . in *chatelaine* form . . . *Lipstick le Début* . . . matching in design and color . . . is attached by a graceful chain. : : : Inside the cover a mirror of *glass* . . . then a soft, fluffy puff. A compartment of compact or loose powder . . . another of rouge to match your natural coloring . . . both in the provocative *le Début* fragrance. Such a pleasantly convenient, yet eloquent way of saying, "I follow the mode!" : : : You will find the *Compacte* and refills at all modern shops.

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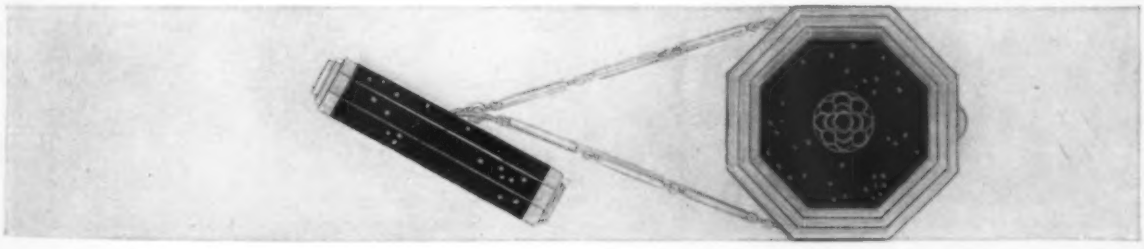
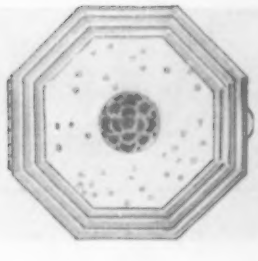
RICHARD HUDNUT • • NEW YORK • PARIS

# le Début





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# A VOYAGE TO PURILIA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38] Purilian sphere, for life in Purilia demands a degree of physical activity and an expenditure of emotional energy which, I am afraid, would overtax the stoutest human organism. The average Purilian in the course of a day endures a series of escapades and physical adventures which at the end of a year at most would, I am certain, shatter the nervous constitution of the most robust man or woman.

As for the life of the emotions, it can almost be said that it comprises the whole range of Purilian life. What thought and work and play and simple relaxation are to us, emotional activity is to the Purilian. His life is a riot of emotional excess, one wave of intense feeling succeeding another with bewildering and almost unbelievable rapidity. I doubt if any human could long endure the anguished suffering, the frenzied joy, and the transcendent love which are the substance of the Purilian's habitual régime.

I spoke of love, and well I might, for love is perhaps the key to the whole Purilian world. Not such love as we know on earth: one dynamic element in our complex lives, with manifold biological, psychic, and aesthetic implications; but love as the be-all and end-all of life, love as the sole substance and meaning of life, love universal and all-permeating, without any implications whatever. Such is love in Purilia, and an overpowering thing it is! The reader must understand that the broad plains, the quiet hillsides, the many-towered cities, and the hordes of animate creatures who inhabit them are but the paraphernalia of this eternal, cosmic love.

THE reader will now, I hope, be able to comprehend the interesting caste system which is one of the most remarkable features of the Purilian social order. There are at least five well-defined castes in Purilia, and I shall endeavor to acquaint the reader with the distinguishing characteristics of each.

The most venerated, although by no means the largest, of these social classes is the Umbilican caste. Pansy's mother, Mrs. Malone, was a member of this caste, and the description of her physical appearance which I have already given includes most of the characteristics by which persons belonging to this caste are recognizable. Only mothers may belong to the Umbilican caste, and only mothers who have suffered deeply—but since, in Purilia, motherhood and suffering are almost synonymous, nearly any mother is eligible.

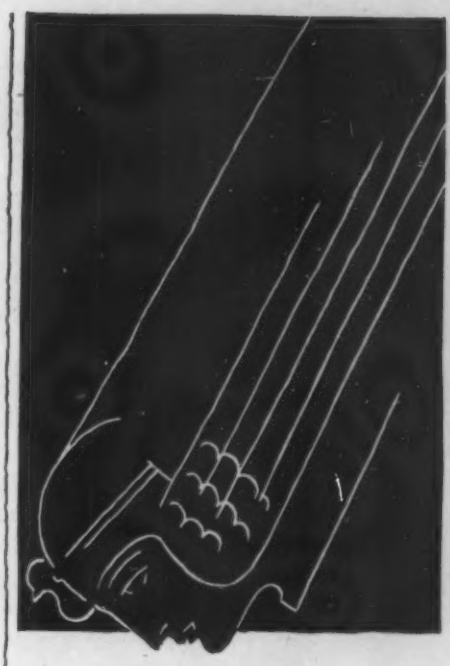
It is impossible to exaggerate the esteem in which the Umbilicans are held throughout the length and breadth of Purilia. In fact, while Christianity is the nominal and established religion of the country, the religious emotion of the people finds its happiest expression in mother-worship, and the Umbilicans have a status which can truly be characterized as priest-like or even semi-divine. An Umbilican can do no wrong, and the suggestion that she can corresponds to blasphemy among us.

It must be explained that maternity in Purilia is in no sense a biological function, but is solely emotional and spiritual. I shall have occasion to refer again to the vexatious problem of the origin of life in Purilia, but for the present it is merely necessary that the reader understand that the relationship between an Umbilican and her children is a metaphysical rather than a physical one.

One of the many curious paradoxes which one encounters in the course of one's inquiries into the mysteries of Purilian love is that although the Umbilicans are literally worshipped by all, especially, of course, by their children, these children nevertheless are constantly guilty of conduct which must have the effect of aggravating the venerated parents' already heavy load of anguish. In fact, it is a matter of almost everyday occurrence for some youth or maiden to leave the maternal home without leaving a single clue to his or her whereabouts, and to remain away for months or even years without making the slightest effort to communicate with the distressed Umbilican!

The lives of the Umbilicans are simple and uneventful, even by earthly standards. Weeping, knitting, and prolonged contemplation of the portraits or photographs of their absent children comprise almost the whole range of their activities. Occasionally, in their lighter moments, they turn their attention to the concoction of fruit pasties, an art in which they are unexcelled, but on the whole their lives are monotonous and unenlivened.

RANKING only slightly below the Umbilicans are the Pudencians, a large and thriving caste. The

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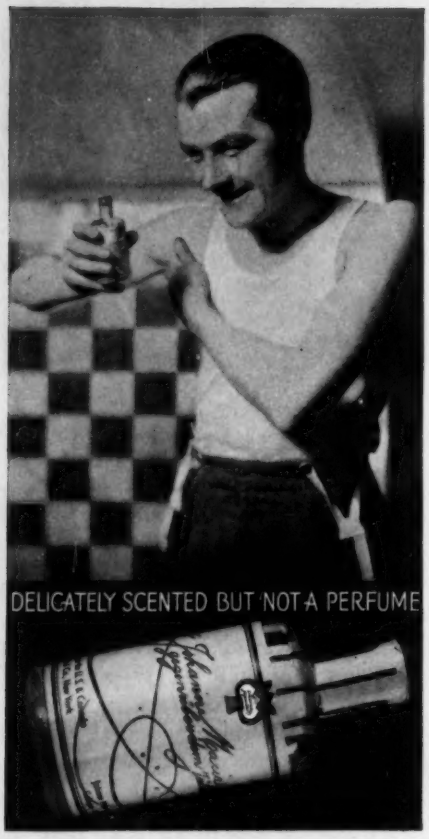


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FARINA'S
RED CREST
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Pudencians are young and beautiful girls ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-two. They are usually blonde, although occasionally one with dark tresses is encountered. The essential and distinguishing characteristic of this caste is virginity, and it is this quality which accounts for the exalted position which the Pudencians occupy in the Purilian social system.

It may strike the uninformed reader as paradoxical that in a land in which maternity is invested with religious sanctity, virginity also is elevated to a plane almost equally exalted. I can, perhaps, best elucidate this difficult matter by explaining that in Purilia virginity, like maternity, is symbolical and metaphysical rather than biological or physical. The two castes are entirely distinct; there is no progression from one to the other: that is to say, it is unthinkable that an Umbilican was ever a Pudencian or that a Pudencian is a potential Umbilican. Indeed, it would be in the nature of sacrilege to suggest that a Pudencian is capable of maternity, or that an Umbilican in achieving maternity surrendered her virginity. The two states are altogether disparate: the function of the Umbilicans is to be mothers, that of the Pudencians is to be virgins.

I know only too well that more than one reader will find himself dissatisfied with so inadequate an explanation, but unfortunately it is the best that I can offer. The whole subject is surrounded, in Purilia, with a kind of reverential mystery which it is almost impossible to penetrate. As for the question of birth, which, of course, is closely related to this discussion, I must admit that I succeeded in learning almost nothing about it.

HERE we have the most striking illustration of how deceptive are the outward physical resemblances between the Purilians and ourselves. Actually, the whole life process is totally dissimilar, and while it is impossible for me to say what birth in Purilia is, I can say quite authoritatively what it is not. It is not, then, the result of sexual union. Indeed, a Purilian would be profoundly horrified by any such suggestion—assuming that he could be made to understand it!

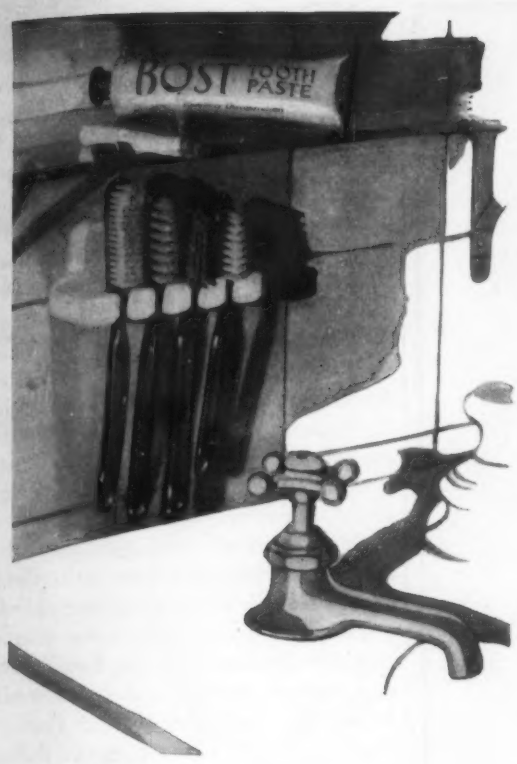
But lest the reader assume from this that Purilian birth is a sort of parthenogenesis, I must hasten to add that while birth is never the result of sexual conjugation, it is invariably the result of marriage. In other words, Purilian children do have fathers as well as mothers; and, although the fathers are held in little esteem, they apparently fulfill some necessary, if altogether inscrutable, function in the perpetuation of Purilian life.

MY own inference is that there is some generative principle inherent in the marriage ceremony which, in some unknown way, eventually produces Purilian infants. I base this largely upon the fact that in Purilia there is no birth outside of wedlock. This, I think, argues that the procreative function inheres in the marriage institution, rather than in the physiological constitution of the parties to the marriage.

This view is supported by the fact that babies are really not born, but merely occur. There is no long and difficult period of gestation. No one in Purilia has ever seen a woman who gave outward evidence of approaching maternity. There are no lying-in hospitals, no obstetricians, no midwives. Purilian mothers are happily spared all the hazards and the pangs that attend human birth. Often, indeed, the arrival of the little one comes as something of a surprise to the parents. A pair is joined in wedlock and then, after a while, a baby appears, usually well developed and fully clothed. Occasionally the mother has vague premonitions of the arrival of the infant, and sometimes even goes to the length of preparing a garment or two for the expected child; but this practice is not regarded with favor, and is generally looked upon as unwomanly and indelicate.

What makes the whole situation even more involved and obscure is that although marriage can by no means be said to entail loss of virginity, entrance into the marital state automatically deprives a Pudencian of her caste; yet, despite this, the sole end which every Pudencian has in view (and which she invariably achieves) is marriage.

One hypothetical explanation of the eagerness of the Pudencians to enter the marital state is that they are seeking an escape from the exacting and frequently perilous mode of life which they invariably lead. For, unlike the Umbilicans, the Pudencians lead lives of unremitting physical activity and emotional stress. On the one hand they are the objects of unrelenting persecution by the Vauriens (a despicable caste, to which I shall have occasion to refer again), who endeavor by fraud, force, or stealth to engage the

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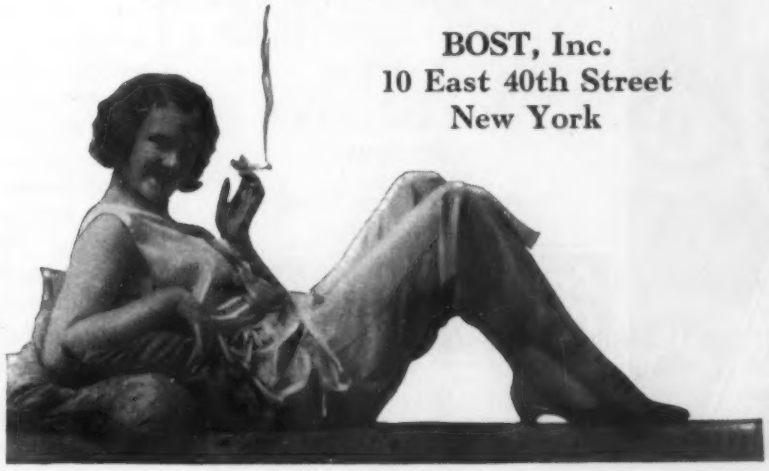

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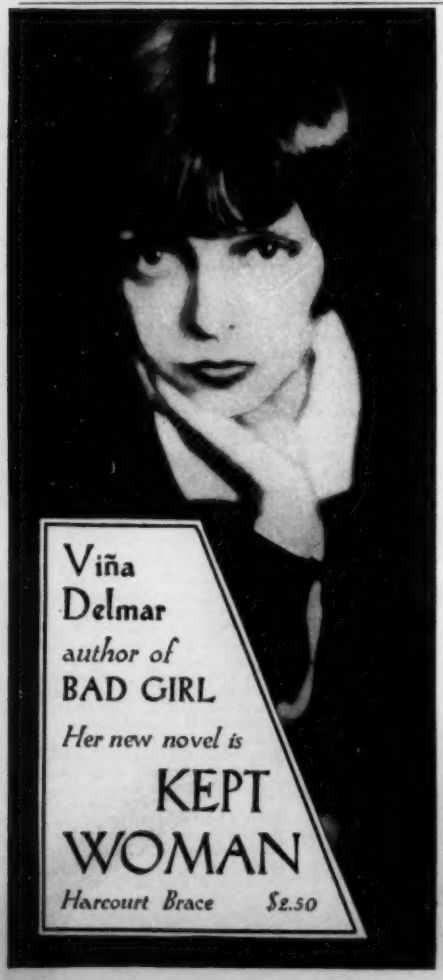




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Pudencians in disastrous and dishonorable alliances or, more often, to do them actual physical violence—and when I say physical I mean, of course, metaphysical; and, on the other hand, they are harrowed by an unending succession of enforced separations and devastating misunderstandings between themselves and the members of another caste, known as the Paragonians, who are always the rightful possessors of the affections of the Pudencians.

Perhaps, then, it is not to be wondered that a Pudencian should willingly, even eagerly, sacrifice the enormous prestige which her caste gives her to embrace the serene obscurity of marriage. For in marriage a Pudencian finds refuge from the threats and machinations of the Vauriens. Safe in the arms of some handsome Paragonian, she sinks into a tranquil security, and—as I shall have occasion to relate—fades gracefully from the turmoils of the Purilian scene. Indeed, marriage in Purilia has about it a finality which is almost lethal, and in most cases the sorely tried Pudencian finds in it a restful physical obliteration and an eternity of disembodied happiness.

A WORD or two more about the Pudencians. They are invariably kind, sweet-tempered, and sympathetic. Their behavior is the quintessence of womanly modesty. They do not drink or smoke, or indulge in any of the other manifold improprieties to which so many young women upon our planet are addicted. They are quick to resent any male attention which does not contemplate marriage; and while their lives are literally conditioned by love, they hold themselves superior to passion, and the essential purity of their nature makes it impossible for them ever to lend themselves to those crude outward manifestations of love with which we sensual earthlings are only too familiar. What makes their conduct all the more admirable is that more often than not they seek careers upon the stage or in other departments of the amusement world where, as everyone knows, conditions are most unfavorable to the preservation of female innocence and modesty. Yet, despite these self-imposed handicaps, they triumphantly maintain that militant purity which is traditional to their caste.

Another Pudencian trait worthy of notice is the meticulous neatness of these lovely girls. Neither shipwreck, nor battle, nor all-night vigil can dim

for an instant their luscious bloom or ruffle a single strand of their tasteful coiffures. Indeed, I have known a Pudencian to emerge from a flooded mine or a shell-torn front-line trench —whither she had gone on some characteristic errand of mercy—with her lovely face as blooming and her frock as dainty and unruffled as though she had just stepped out of her boudoir.

THE Paragonians are to all outward appearances the male counterparts of the Pudencians. Like the Pudencians, they are young and handsome. They, too, are concerned chiefly in contracting a marriage in which they will find blissful obliteration. Indeed, the achievement of this end is a career so arduous in its nature that anyone but a Paragonian would shrink from it. Not only does the courtship of a Pudencian involve the most agonizing emotional complications, but usually before the union can be consummated the aspiring Paragonian must undergo a sort of ordeal by battle in the course of which he runs the most frightful risks and performs almost Herculean feats of strength and skill. Fortunately, the Paragonians are all trained athletes, expert horsemen and marksmen, skilled aviators, untiring swimmers, and clever boxers and swordsmen. To these attainments they add indomitable courage and unflagging resourcefulness, so that it is not to be wondered that they emerge triumphantly from every situation. They are apparently immortal and invincible; at any rate, there is no record of a Paragonian's death or defeat.

The Paragonians, like the Pudencians, are scrupulously neat, and somehow always manage, even in the thick of battle, to shave smoothly and to gloss their hair. Indeed, spiritual love and tidiness are the two great bonds which make inevitable the union of Pudencians and Paragonians.

THE Vauriens, to whom I have already referred, are a numerous and flourishing caste, despite the heavy casualties which they constantly suffer. They are a powerful order, but as they employ their power only for evil ends, they are rightfully despised. They, too, like all the other Purilian castes, are conditioned solely by love. But while the love of the Vauriens is certainly not spiritual love, it is difficult to say just what it is. In some ways it resembles physical love, but since that is unknown in Purilia, I can describe


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this strange emotion of the Vauriens only as symbolic lust. It is always aroused by a Pudencian, but since no Vaurien has ever been successful in his designs, it is impossible to say what would happen if he were.

The traditional lack of success of the Vauriens does not in the least deter them from a continuance of their pursuit of the Pudencians, and this pursuit, together with the physical combats with some Paragonian which it always involves, constitutes the substance of a Vaurien's life.

ONE caste remains to be described: the Bordellians, who bear much the same relationship to the Vauriens that the Pudencians bear to the Paragonians. The Bordellians are almost invariably dark-haired, plump, and past the first flush of youth. They are the lowest of all the Purilian castes and have almost the status of the untouchables in our own India. Umbilicans and Pudencians shrink from them in horror; and this sentiment is shared by the Paragonians too, despite the fact that they are sometimes temporarily distracted by the wiles of the Bordellians.

It is difficult to convey to the reader the disesteem and loathing in which these repulsively attractive females are held. They spend their lives in attempting to lure Paragonians, although to what they wish to lure them I never succeeded in discovering. Spiritual love is unknown to them, nor do they possess virginity. On the other hand, it cannot be said that they have ever surrendered their virginity, and I finally arrived at the conclusion that virginity was simply a quality which they had never at any time possessed. This, too, will be difficult for the terrestrial reader to understand; but he must bear in mind that I am writing of a people who inhabit a sphere so remote from ours that it would be impossible even to convince them of our existence.

Naturally, most of what I have written is the summarized result of months of painstaking investigation. I have introduced it at this point in my narrative because I feel that without some familiarity with the conditions of Purilian life, the amazing happenings which I have yet to record would be utterly incomprehensible to the reader.

And now let us return to the quest for Pansy and Mollie upon which Johnson and I were engaged.

—ELMER RICE

(*Continued next week*)

# THE SKY LINE

## *Up Around Grant's Tomb —Within the Temple*

A FEW days ago, when we were in the upper reaches of Riverside Drive, we were attracted by the new Master Building, at 103rd Street, designed by Corbett, Harrison & Mac Murray. It is a striking tower that ends, by an ingenious system of setbacks and bevelled corners, in a distinctly modern arrangement of piers. At the corners of the main structure cantilever construction is used, and windows are carried out to the angles.

This feature is being increasingly introduced by architects who wish to prove that America can do anything Europe can, but we are not entirely pleased with it as an element of design, nor are we sure that a "conservatory corner" will add to a room's beauty or livableness. Probably we are hopelessly old-fashioned in thinking that the corner of a high structure should express strength and solidity.

The Master Building is rich in color —a warm, reddish brown; the brick surfaces are enlivened, but in no way disturbed, by well-studied patterns and horizontal courses; and the glazing and metal work in the lower levels is exceptionally interesting. Incidentally, the Roerich Museum occupies a section of the structure.

WE paused reverently at Grant's Tomb to compare its present stark clumsiness with the drawings we have seen of its proposed "improvement." Funds for this laudable purpose are being slowly amassed, and when the necessary amount has been raised, which we understand will be in the near future, the task of rehabilitation and adornment will be entrusted to the office of John Russell Pope.

Nearby, the tower of Dr. Fosdick's temple, the Riverside Baptist Church, rises Phoenix-like from the ashes of its recent conflagration. Its height, impressive in itself, seems to dwarf the church. Our feeling is that this might have been avoided had the tower not been so closely connected with the building. A tower of this magnitude might well be treated as a separate entity, standing to one side and connected with other design elements by a cloister. However, it is too late for us to do anything about it.

THE other day we were taken through the fine Temple Emanu-El, at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street, designed by Kohn, Butler & Stein. We have long admired the exterior of this great synagogue, the finest thing of its kind we have ever seen, but we were in no way prepared for the impressiveness of its interior. The firm of Mayers, Murray & Phillip acted as consultants, and the combined talents of the designers have resulted in a magnificent building.

The interior, as we have suggested, has real beauty. Mellow, golden tones of tan and brown dominate the walls, pierced by long windows in which the stained glass, chiefly in rich blues, glows and sparkles. An acoustic tile used on the side walls is graded downward from top to bottom—the darker tones above—giving the effect of what draughtsmen know as a "graded wash." The rose window over the Fifth Avenue entrance is especially effective; the wall tiles vary in color and are subtly lined off in long vertical panels by narrow strips of gold.

In the dimmer spaces above, a beamed and trussed ceiling is resplendent in primary colors, touched with gold at strategic points. Floodlights illumine the altar in a lambent curtain of light which, too, is artfully graded. The altar end is framed in an arch rich with mosaic in pale gold and delicate colors. Sumptuous as this ensemble is, with varying tones of marble introduced in the detail of columns and floor, it is so carefully managed that the total effect is one of simplicity with no over-elaboration.

On one side is the Beth-El chapel, where a simple domed ceiling contrasts well with vigorous fretwork on the side walls. Amateurs of architecture cannot afford to omit a visit to this dignified and impressive temple.

JOSEPH H. FREEDLANDER, whose design for the Museum of the City of New York is now rapidly taking shape, had an ingenious idea when he made the temporary fence surrounding the site not only sightly but, in addition, a means toward promoting public interest and assistance in the undertaking. A well-drawn perspective of the finished building attracts attention, and further information is furnished for those who would like to do their bit in helping the project to completion.

—T-SQUARE


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## PERSONAL-TOUCH DEPARTMENT

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
AUGUST 6, 1929

TO OUR SUBSCRIBER,

I SIMPLY cannot bear to say "YES." Miss Kelley, who is in charge of our Stencil Department, asks permission to file your stencil in the "Discontinued" cabinet as your renewal order has not reached us.

I begged for a few days' grace at least, for we all know how easy it is, especially during the summer months, to slip up on our usual correspondence.

Our fascinating prize-winning biography, "Grandmother Brown," begins in the August number. I do wish to be allowed to send that number to you.

May I receive your instructions to do so?

Cordially yours,
CHRISTINE LOWELL

1 WEST 67 STREET
NEW YORK
SEPTEMBER 26, 1929

DEAR MISS LOWELL,

I SIMPLY cannot bear to say "YES," either. I can always read your magazine at the Public Library, thus saving the four dollars toward my bootlegger's bill. But your wistful little note stirs my heart against my better judgment. The idea of making you and the *Atlantic* so unhappy has kept me awake two nights. That hard and conventional Miss Kelley! And the contrast of your human sympathy and understanding . . .

Try to believe me, dear Christine—I may call you Christine, may I not? We seem so close—if I had realized how I was wounding you I would have renewed that subscription long before it was due. As it is, with all the remorse a heart full of honest tenderness can feel, I hasten to enclose the four.

Thank you, too, a thousand times for the little personal plea to the Stencil Department for that few days' grace. How did you guess, you sweet thing? It was just exactly as you surmised. It *was* summer. And I *had* slipped up on my usual correspondence. But they weren't alone in being neglected, dear; it was weeks and weeks since I'd written Cousin Lucille or even dear old Aunt Bessie. But honestly, I did send the Stencil Department two post cards. Didn't they even get the one from Ausable Chasm with "Love. Wish you were here" on it? The mails are *so* untrustworthy nowadays.

Do be a dear and send me the August number. I suppose I can stand one more biography.

And if ever I can intercede for you with a hard-hearted Stencil Department or a Bill Collector or a Customs Officer, you must surely let me know, dear Christine. Turn about is fair play.

With love for yourself, and all my affection to the Stencil Department, I am

Cordially Yours,
MARGARET WIDDEMER

•

## LIZ

Her mouth is a penny
Smudged with paint;
She isn't any
Like a saint.

Her eyes are beads
Of shiny black;
Her legs, slim steeds
That canter and clack.

She wears her thumbs
Inside her pockets;
She feasts on crumbs
And rides skyrockets.

Her conscience is tied
With scarlet bows;
She points with pride
To her button nose.

She clutters her days
With tinkling things;
Each night she prays
And feels for wings.

Her voice is a fiddle
Tuned more or less;
Her heart is a riddle
No priest may guess.

—DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

•

POPULAR CITIZEN ARRESTED FOR PASSING BUM CHECK — *Weston County (Wyo.) Gazette.*

He probably came back marked "Insufficient Popularity."

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## DRESSING-ROOM NUMBER FOUR

HERE I am, dear, up here . . . Number Four . . . Number *Four*. . . . I know . . . everyone looks for me in Number One, but it's Number Four. Isn't it amusing? I don't wonder you looked for me in Number One. . . . I've been in that room so many times. Did she say anything? Well, I don't know what she must think, because all my friends just walk right in and go straight to her room. Of course they expect to find *me* there. I do hope she doesn't mind. . . . I really feel embarrassed about it. That's why I asked you if she said anything. . . . She didn't? Well! I must ask her if it bothers her. I mean I'd hate to bother her and it must be terrible for her to have *my* friends disturbing her all the time. They just can't get over finding me way up here! But I don't mind it. . . . Why *should* I mind? I hope I have more sense. When the management came to me and asked me to let her have that room as a favor to them, that's just what I said. *I* don't mind, I said, I hope I have more sense. If it's going to make her any happier and if it's going to make things any easier for you, I said, then let her have it. *Give* it to her, I said. What does it matter to me where I dress? What does it matter where anyone dresses? It's what you do on the stage that counts. And if having the first dressing-room is going to make her give a better performance, then she *should* have it. . . . Because after all, when you are inexperienced, things like that are apt to affect you, and I wouldn't want her to be upset and not be able to do the best she can . . . for *all* our sakes. They thought I was wonderful to feel like that, but as I said to them, why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I, I said, if you're willing to pay me the salary you're paying me for a small part like this, why *shouldn't* I coöperate with you? But of course everybody doesn't understand. . . . And all my friends think I'm crazy to let her have it, but I don't care. I mean, it's *what* you are in the theatre, not *where* you are, isn't it? And anyway, I *like* it up here. . . . There's a lot more air. —PATRICIA COLLINGE

•

Here the bridal couple stood, facing the floral setting and exchanged cows.—*Modesto (Cal.) News-Herald.*

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# RECENT BOOKS

*This Too-Literate World—Some Yorkshire Tradition and Harlem Zest—Rather Transatlantic*

BETWEEN now and Christmas, five thousand books will be bounced on a too-literate world. President Hoover will be able to point with pride at these figures as an indication of the high intellectual plane of his first year in office; but if you think this reviewer is going to read all those volumes, you have another guess. All books read for review by this department will be selected by Madame Gaza, the trance medium, guided by the spirit of Little Laughing Water. Neither Madame Gaza nor Little Laughing Water can read or write.

It is a boom year in the book racket. Out of the 5,000 books, 1,327 will be alleged mystery stories, written by authors inflamed by the financial success of Willard Huntington Wright, the wonder-man. There will be 564 novels of the English countryside by authors trying to show up the late Mr. Hardy. The orneriness of Main Street will be exposed by 920 novels. There will be 408 biographies revealing 408 hitherto misunderstood souls. The autobiographies will number 327, all by people whose names are familiar although you can't place their faces. Three hundred and twenty-two German soldiers will tell *their* side of the war, and a slightly lesser number of Allied fighters will grow reminiscent. For the rest, there will be novels by young Englishmen and old Frenchmen, books on sex, marriage, and antarctic shrubbery, poetry, anthologies, little Ducky Daddles yarns for children, and travel books.

THE spirit of Little Laughing Water leads me, this week, to "The Good Companions," by J. B. Priestley. Somebody has been table-tapping the Book-of-the-Month decisions to Little Laughing Water. So what ho, for the roast beef of Old England! The spirit of Pickwick is not dead. Anyway, "The Good Companions" is a dear old book; for five successive nights it has put me to sleep in the pleasantest frame of mind. Yorkshire dialect affects me that way, although Yorkshire pudding has just the opposite reaction.

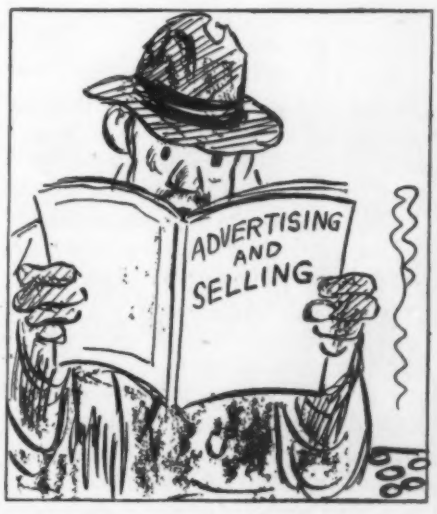
Here is what is known as a rollicking tale of rural England. A group of persons, all quaint characters, are thrown on the highroad at the same time. Mr. Priestley arranges that they all meet and that they all form a travelling theatrical troupe. After the fashion of mellow old novels, the book has lots of plot, lots of whimsical minor personages, and lots of comic talk.

"The Good Companions" is written in the mannered style of one who would go back to the happier literary days. It is more Victorian than the Victorians, who occasionally snarled at Merrie Old England. For all its artificiality, it has the dignity of sound and tasteful writing. If it is in an outworn tradition, at least it is in the best tradition.

THERE is no tradition to "Born to Be." Taylor Gordon, the negro spiritual singer, wrote his biography with the good old Harlem idea of giving the visitors their money's worth. "Born to Be" is not only funny and outrageous, but it has the hard, smart worldliness of a self-made man who began his career as a messenger in a Montana sporting house and worked himself to a position where he was free to exchange wisecracks with Margot Asquith.

Since you think that black boys are mostly disreputable, says Mr. Gordon, you might as well have the lowdown. So he launches forth on as juicy a set of adventures as would be safe to print. I liked best his career as servant to John Ringling.

His judgments of his own race are not those of the striving colored intellectual; they are those of the successful man at the head of the parade. Mr. Gordon speaks of his race as a smart Englishman might complain of the lethargy of the English working class;



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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

as a clever Irishman would bewail the superstitions of his fellow countrymen. For all its naïve spelling and ingenuous grammar, "Born to Be" is no study of a simple soul. Underneath his artlessness, Mr. Gordon has an uncomfortable wit, a neat sense of irony, and a streak of admirable hardness that white people would rather not find in a negro. It doesn't go well with the playboy legend.

The book has an introduction by Carl Van Vechten—of all people!—and another by Muriel Draper, who gave Mr. Gordon a helping hand; and the illustrations by Covarrubias are great.

LITTLE LAUGHING WATER leads me back to three more books by English authors, all of which may be dismissed by the opinion that Englishmen write excellent mediocre novels. For instance, "The Man Who Pretended," by W. B. Maxwell, is as neat and smooth a book as you could find. It is a study of a man who conducted his life, not to square with his real character, but to fit the demands of the self he would like to be. It is a good idea, written with the workmanlike precision of a man who is, by trade, an honest novelist.

"The Last Enemy" has a theme too big for the treatment that Miss Iris Barry has given it. Miss Barry, for the purpose of her book, abolishes all natural deaths in the south of England and shows the panic that follows this sinister implication of immortal life. For death is as necessary as birth, and fall is as beautiful as spring. When natural death lingers, suicide and murde must even the balance. Miss Barry catches some of the poetry of the subject and at times she becomes imaginative and dramatic. Trivialities, however, weigh down a subject that should have been planned in the grand fantastic manner.

It is a beautiful tribute to our native morals that most of the books about gigolos are importations, even though they may deal with the lapses of expatriots. Lawrence Rising's "False Youth" is a shocker of a lady who loved a Guardsman and who supported him in the businesslike fashion of an elderly gentleman offering financial security to a pretty waitress. The lady plays her game according to the rules, but the soldier, unfortunately, is practical beyond the code of immorality of Mrs. St. Aubyns' world. In a Grand Guignol scene, the lady bumps him off; and, in a trial that only would have been possible in France, she is acquitted. It isn't a pretty book, it is cold and sordid, but it should be a lesson to ladies who love uniforms.

THE third edition of "The American Caravan" will be seized upon by literary scouts who hope to find another Ernest Hemingway concealed in its pages. This "New American Caravan" may have no Hemingway but it has a promising story by William Rollins, Jr. I say "promising" not in any snippy way but because "The Obelisk," although listed as a complete novel, is only the first part of a larger work. I hope Mr. Rollins completes it. Incidentally, Mr. Rollins is one of the few authors in the "Caravan" who did not contribute to the late *Dial*. He is merely a professional fiction writer and has been earning his living contributing to detective and confessional magazines.

In the "Caravan" you will also find a group of poems by Evelyn Scott, all of them uncommonly fine, and another poem, "To Emily," by Wallace Gould, that is amusing. There is, too, a mad contribution by e. e. cummings, and a description of a Jewish wedding by Joseph Vogel that is a warm and understanding piece of writing. I like the "Caravan" best when it lags slightly behind the furthermost advance of modern writing. Nevertheless it is a useful contribution to literature in that it actually does maintain a literary standard in a field that needs encouragement and intelligent guidance. The editors are Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld, and may Heaven reward them for their patience and sympathy in assembling the book.

THE "Morrow's Almanack for 1930" is with us again with Thayer Hobson acting as editor in place of Burton Rascoe. Mr. Rascoe is still represented by a series of amusing pieces. Among the contributors are all your old friends from Eddie Cantor to Richard Aldington. It is really an all-star vaudeville show with all the performers doing their specialties. I am sorry that the horoscopes have been omitted because I believed in them implicitly. However, the makeup of the "Almanack" is still a delight and I don't know of a handier book to have around the house. It's just the thing for the guest who comes an hour too early for dinner and asks you not to mind him because he can amuse himself. The "Almanack" will keep him

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quiet, happy, and out of mischief until the cocktails are ready to serve.

THE terrible collegiate fever is dying down. It is no longer impossible for anyone over twenty-five to read a book of modern youth. Anthony Gibbs' "Young Apollo" is a graceful, sane, and diverting light novel. The young Oxonians are slightly tinged with futility, or rather with that peculiar static quality of men who aren't quite sure of life, but Mr. Gibbs presents them as human beings. In fact, he writes of his young people gaily and easily, and not as though the fate of the world depended on the fleeting emotions of university students.

ON this side of the ocean, Day Edgar carries on for Old Nassau. He is not, like Mr. Gibbs, an hereditary novelist, but he has a good commercial gift for short stories. "In Princeton Town" is a collection of really amusing stories, all of them completely free from the My-God-where-does-it-all get-you school of college writing. Mr. Edgar, in one tale, even points out that a professor may have more sense than a student. His plots are not particularly striking, but they are well within the range of college life. His characters are drawn without ridicule or idealization. In fact, even a Princeton man need not be afraid to read his book.

NOW for some others: "Dudley and Gilderoy" is the fantastic tale of a high-bred parrot and a lowly cat, who escaped from the nursery to see the world. It is by Algernon Blackwood and, if you like whimsey done in the nicest way, here you are. If you don't, of course, here you are not.

I can't see Napoleon III as a heroic figure, so "The Phantom Emperor," a biography by Octave Aubry, was only mildly interesting to me. Your average Frenchman cannot disentangle himself from his political background long enough to make a good critical reporter of recent French figures.

May I remind you that "The Gluyas Williams Book" is now on the market, so you may do your Christmas shopping early? It contains, among other drawings that you remember, the picture of Mr. Coolidge waiting for his lost rubber, and the scene in the French Chamber of Deputies. C. D. Gibson and Robert Benchley are the toastmasters for Mr. Williams. Somebody has swiped my copy; it's the first book I have had stolen since "All Quiet on the Western Front." —A. W. S.

# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

## Fiction

The Good Companions, by J. B. Priestley (*Harper*). Mellow old book of the mellow old English countryside, and full of quaint characters in the best Victorian manner.

The Man Who Pretended, by W. B. Maxwell (*Doubleday, Doran*). Competent novel of a man who was ruled by his dream of himself.

The Last Enemy, by Iris Barry (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Proving that if there were no death, our relatives would find a way out. A good fantastic idea handled rather too skimpily.

Young Apollo, by Anthony Gibbs (*Harper*). In which the youngest Gibbs writes amusingly and yet wisely of his own generation.

False Youth, by Lawrence Rising (*Liveright*). Why a lady murders a gigolo.

In Princeton Town, by Day Edgar (*Scribner*). Short stories that even a Princeton man might enjoy.

Dudley and Gilderoy, by Algernon Blackwood (*Dutton*). The adventures of a parrot and a cat, told for whimsical adults.

The Methodist Faun, by Anne Parrish (*Harper*). Gentle crack at the old-time religion and a tragedy of youth that rises above even Miss Parrish's best satire.

Short As Any Dream, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (*Harper*). A rare achievement—a real and sympathetic study of a New England family.

The Wings of the Eagle, by Gilbert Seldes (*Little, Brown*). An adventure in perfection, vigorously and dramatically told in Mr. Seldes' first novel.

Sketch of a Sinner, by Frank Swinnerton (*Doubleday, Doran*). Mr. Swinnerton creates a convincing sinner and then cuts short her sinning—the old prude!

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). A great love story with the war as a background. Modern writing at its finest.

Cora, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Explaining the self-made American girl. Hard, compact tale of the Middle West.

Penrod Jashber, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). Penrod returns as a detective. Gorgeous reading.

Black Roses, by Francis Brett Young (*Harper*). Morbid tragedy of a hack artist. The scene is Naples and the melodrama is Italian.

Sober Feast, by Barbara Blackburn (*Little, Brown*). Witty writing about nothing at all.

The House of Gold, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). Revealing the blackest side of the Irish soul; and in Mr. O'Flaherty's most bejewelled style.

Elva, by Durward Grinstead (*Covici-Friede*). The good old days in Salem. Only it's hard to write about Puritans without getting a little dull yourself.

Kept Woman, by Viña Delmar (*Harcourt, Brace*). The wages of sin at Inwood, with all the harsh, cold facts.

Schlump, Anonymous (*Harcourt, Brace*). Another simple German soldier speaks his piece.

Present-Day American Stories (*Scribner*). Collection of some really good ones.

Less recent:

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole. Chéri, by Colette. Death of a Hero, by Richard Aldington. The School for Wives, by André Gide. Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche. The Sword in the Soul, by Roger Chauvire. Horses in the Sky, by Larry Barretto. Hour Upon the Stage, by Ann Pinchot.

## Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

Triple Murder, by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*).... The Terrace Suicide Mystery, by Leonard R. Gribble (*Doubleday, Doran*).... Marked Men, by Charles Neville Buck (*Doubleday, Doran*).... False Face, by Jean Lilly (*Dutton*).... Water Weed, by Alice Campbell (*Farrar & Rinehart*).... The Needle's Kiss, by Austin J. Small (*Doubleday, Doran*).

## General

Born to Be, by Taylor Gordon (*Covici-Friede*). The negro spiritual singer writes a biography that is racy, shrewd, and entertaining. With fine illustrations by Covarrubias.

The New American Caravan, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld (*Macaulay*). Indispensable for those who would keep up with the best modern American writing.

Morrow's Almanack for 1930, edited by Thayer Hobson (*Morrow*). People who had the other two "Almanacks" will want this one.

The Gluyas Williams Book (*Doubleday, Doran*). Collection of all those funny pictures you wish you had saved.

The Phantom Emperor, by Octave Aubry (*Harper*). If you are a glutton for Napoleon III.

Queen Elizabeth, by Katharine Anthony (*Knopf*). Closeup of a lively woman who may or may not have been a Virgin Queen.

La Fayette, by Brand Whitlock (*Appleton*). Recommended without reservations.

Up to Now, by Alfred E. Smith (*Viking Press*). The former governor writes as well as he speaks.

Carry Nation, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). The caperings of a lunatic, and a farce that had some terrible consequences.

The Human Side of Science, by Grove Wilson (*Cosmopolitan*). For those who like education made easy.

Less recent:

The Incredible Marquis, by Herbert S. Gorman. Seven Iron Men, by Paul de Kruif. Luck, by Lothrop Stoddard. Abe Martin's Town Pump, by Kin Hubbard. Thirty Tales and Sketches, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, selected by Edward Garnett. Then I Saw the Congo, by Grace Flandrau. Marlborough, by Donald Barr Chidsey. You Can Escape, by Edward H. Smith.

•

## PACT

If I promise to sew on your buttons
And tenderly care for your socks,
And dust the piano each morning,
And water the pansies and phlox,

If I promise to love you forever,
Till they tuck me away in a vault,
Will you promise to take all I promise
With a grain of reliable salt?

—Margaret Fishback

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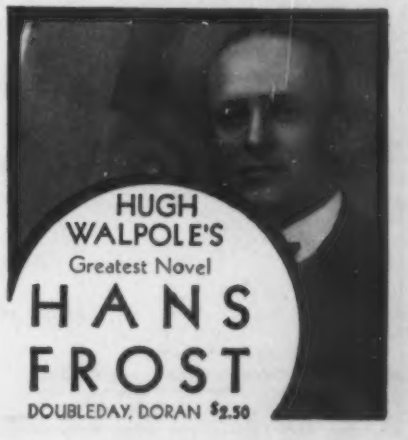

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7 hours for rest, refueling and adjustments.
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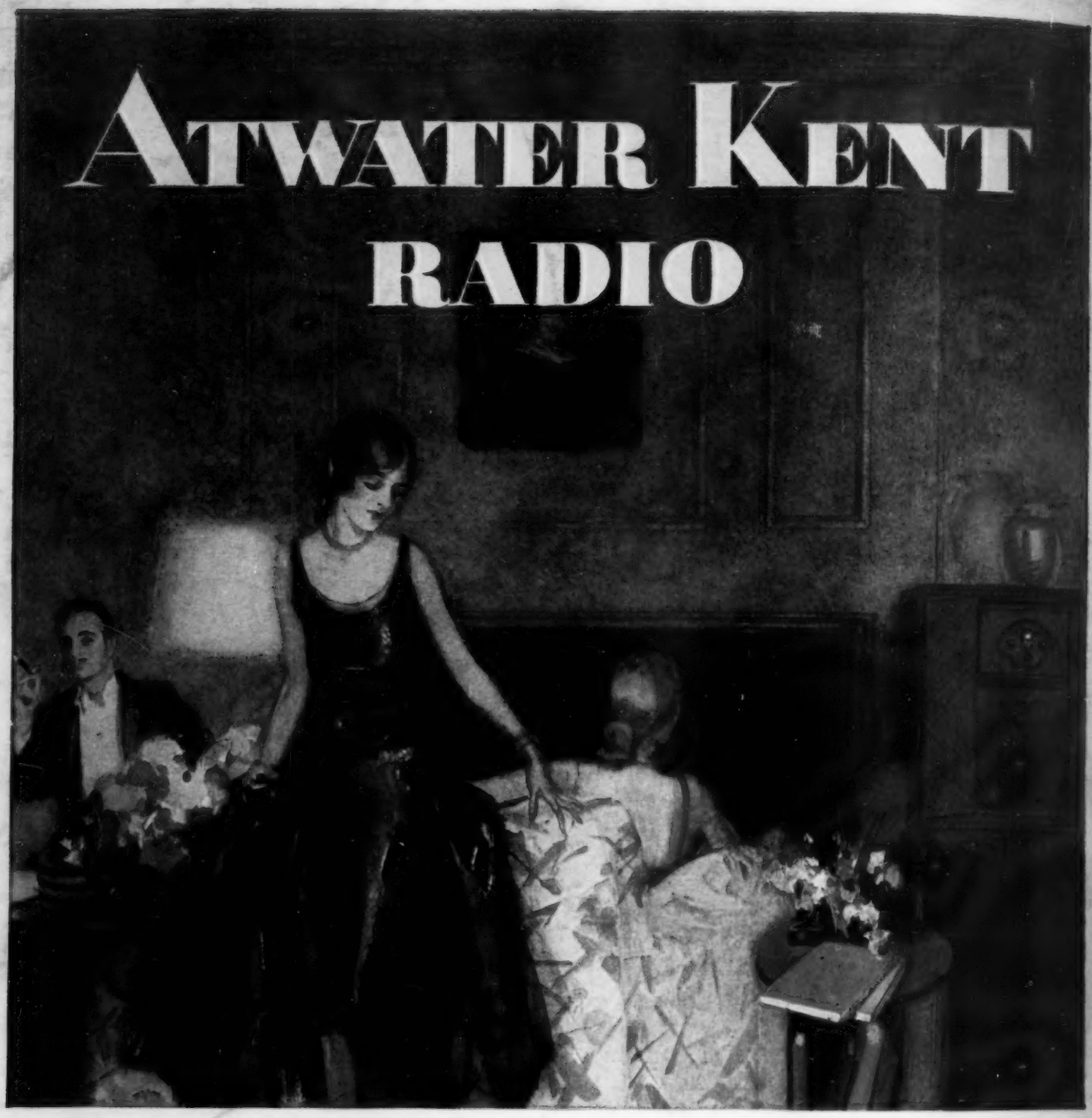

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